

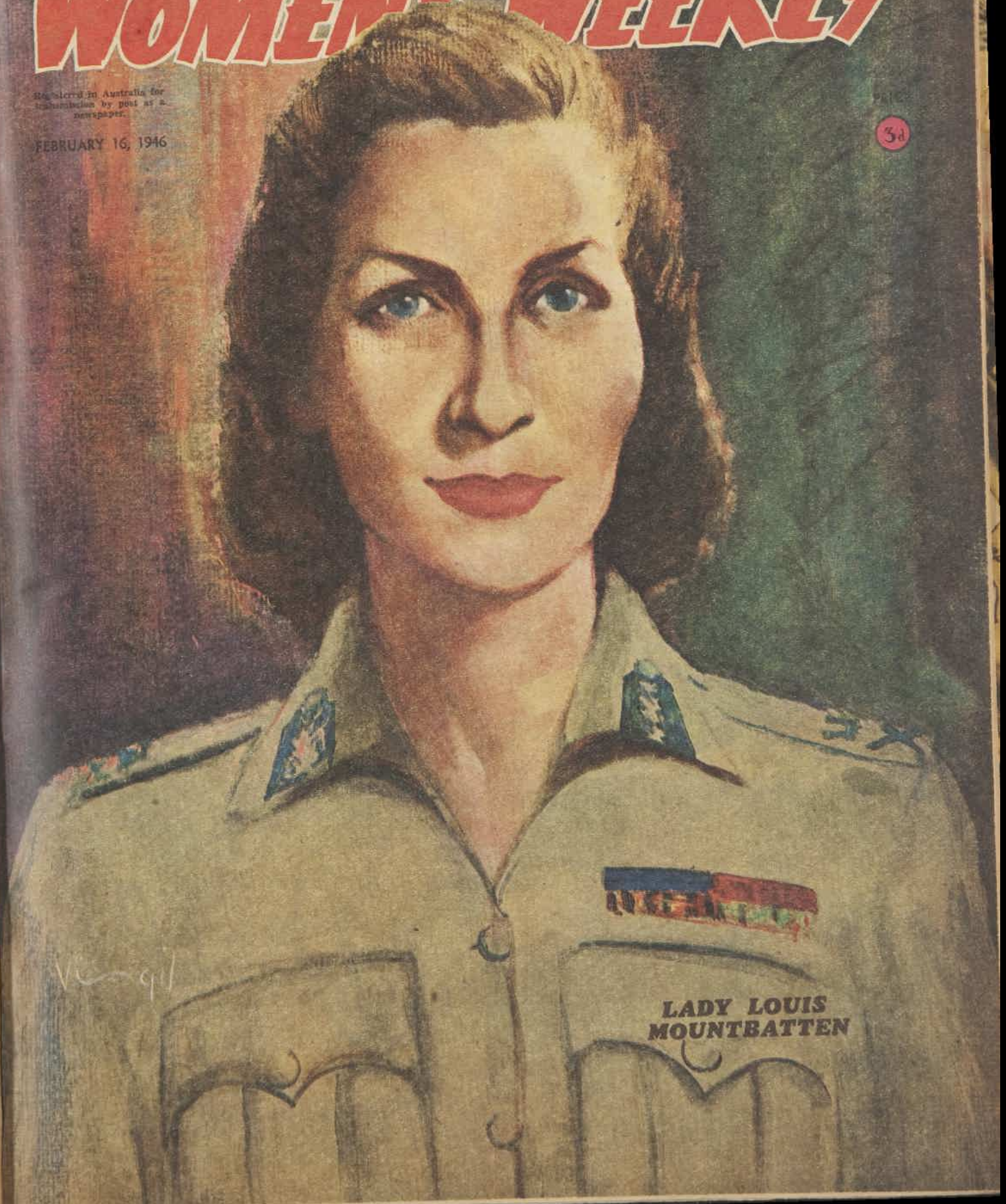
The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

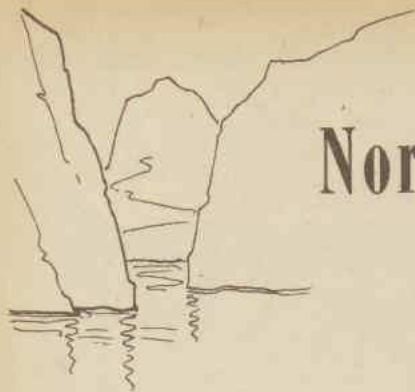
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Such Sweet Perfection

By
SOPHIE KERR

WITH inward groans and curses, Mr. A. M. Parron was packing for a week-end with the Clusells in what they playfully called their Little Hut up the coast. Mr. Parron packed his grey flannels and thought how awful the Clusells were; he packed his grey-and-blue tweed jacket and thought how foul the food would be and how meagre and bad the drink, if any.

Why in heaven's name, he asked himself once again, had he promised to come on Friday night? Why hadn't he been firm and told Irene that he'd come on Saturday and leave on Sunday night? Well, he'd leave on Sunday night anyway, even if they were throwing a party. Especially if they were throwing a party.

If only he hadn't seen Bob and Irene at the Theron's dinner and if he hadn't been feeling so amiable because of a hard and valuable day's work he'd just finished, and if Irene hadn't misinterpreted this amiability as honest friendliness and Bob hadn't said, "You must come up to our Little Hut," and then pinned him down, zing, like a captured butterfly with a pin through its vitals—

Oh, well, he tried to stop thinking about it. Grit the teeth, face reality, chin up, get through the time as painlessly as possible until Sunday night.

The train was crowded and dirty, and he had to sit on his suitcase most of the way. Feeling like a dirty smear himself, he tumbled off at the station, and there were the Clusells, gone aggressively country; Irene in a yellow calico dirndl, a handkerchief over her head, sandals on her bare feet, and Bob in a green slack suit, and both of them in their heartiest mood.

They had the dogs with them—two large, warm Alredales. Worst of all, Irene kissed him, leaving perfumed lipstick on his cheek.

"And here's Triffie!" shrieked Irene, looking over his shoulder. "Triffie, darling!"

Mr. Parron beheld a tall, calm girl, her hair in a trim net, her green-and-white gingham unwrinkled and unsmudged. It cooled and relaxed Mr. Parron to look at her.

"This is Triffie List," declaimed Irene. "Triffie, this is Mac Parron, positively the sweetest man I know except Bob. Oh, isn't it divine having you, two wonderful people at the same time!"

"Don't kiss me," said Triffie, holding Irene at bay. "Your lipstick's messy. . . . How do you do, Mr. Parron. I can't live up to being wonderful, even if you can. . . . Hi, Bob." She handed Bob a hatbox. "Keep the dogs away, please."

Mr. Parron wondered where on earth the Clusells had found such an admirable female. He sat by Triffie in the front seat when they piled into the car. She made Irene sit at the back and hold the dogs.

Irene shrieked chatter constantly, but Mr. Parron did not listen. Triffie said little. She wasn't, Mr. Parron saw, trying to impress her personality, and by golly, she didn't need to. He liked her. The week-end might not be so bad. But his years of being an attractive bache-

lor had taught him caution—after all, this might simply be Triffie's subtle form of attack.

Mr. Parron was at heart a sentimentalist; he believed wholly in love and marriage, but he did object to being caught. He wanted to do his own catching.

"You have an odd name," he said to Triffie. "I never heard it before."

"It's short for Tryphena. I'd like to call myself Tryphena, which is a sound, old-fashioned name, but it starts so much silly comment I gave it up. A silly name like Triffie everyone accepts as natural. Idiote, no?"

"I agree with you," he said. "Is this your first time up here?" At the same time he noted Triffie's really exquisite profile.

Before she could answer his second question, Irene's shrieks, to which he had been carefully inattentive, suddenly took a horrifying clearness.

"We have no help, of course,"

Irene was burling. "We do all the housework and gardening ourselves. Fun! I just adore it when we can rough it."

HE turned to Triffie in his dismay, and simultaneously she turned to him. He knew she was thinking exactly what he was. "But you don't want guests under such circumstances," he stammered. "Better send us straight back to town, Irene." Alas, he was speaking to the wind, with no chance to escape.

Then he was reassured. "I will do the cooking while I'm here," said Triffie List, "provided I may cook what I like, and you and Bob wash the dishes."

And in Irene's acclaim over this noble offer they arrived at the Little Hut. The outside of the house was

inoffensive weatherboard, but in the interior Bob and Irene had developed their intention of having what they called a witty decor. They had pasted gaudy, cut-out flowers wherever a flower could go. They had hung plates on the walls and trimmed plain old mirror frames with ruffles of plaid gingham and magenta bows. They had painted mottoes here and there in various languages.

The guest-room to which Mr. Parron was assigned was "amusing" with bedtickling upholsteries. Triffie's had pictures of all sorts and sizes of cats and kittens pasted on everything pastable.

"How did they get this way?" whispered Mr. Parron to Triffie. "I don't know and I don't care, so long as it's not catching."

Bob and Irene were clamoring for them to hurry and come on out and see everything. In the course

His heart gave a bounce when he and Triffie chanced to meet one day.

of this tour of inspection, Mr. Parron asked Bob about Triffie.

"She's very attractive," he said. "Businesswoman?"

It turned out that Triffie was personnel manager for a medium-sized store; an old friend of Irene's; and that this, like Mr. Parron's, was her first visit to the Hut. "She's rather off men," Bob added. "Irene thinks because she had a terrific love affair that smashed up."

Triffie and Irene, meanwhile, had gone to the kitchen. Faint, enticing whiffs of hot food were coming from the house, and Mr. Parron began to feel very hungry.

He had not long to wait. Irene and Triffie came, bringing trays of delightfully prepared food, and they gathered round on the verandah.

"Oh, what food!" he exclaimed delightedly as he tasted.

Triffie was pleased. "It's simplicity itself," she said smilingly.

Mr. Parron, eating with gusto, grew more and more admiring of this marvellous young woman. It wasn't just her cooking; it was her way of talking, her handsomeness, only a point off great beauty, and her manner of dealing with Irene and Bob Clusell. Oh, she pushed them round, indubitably, but she did it with such good humor that they actually liked it.

Triffie's artful manipulation of the Clusells continued, to Mr. Parron's joy. Not only did they do the dishes but later, when they were playing bridge, and Bob began to rehash every hand, Triffie lifted an imaginary machine-gun and shot him. "Ack-ack-ack-ack!" she said, and Bob subsided into chuckling silence. Mr. Parron was enchanted. He must try that on some of the old post-mortemers at his club.

He was enchanted, too, with Triffie's game—intelligent, quiet, capable. When he went to bed he could not stop thinking of her. Admittedly his caution reassured itself, reminding him that he had met Triffie List only seven hours earlier, but he went to sleep at last, determined to know her better. She might—she very possibly might—be the one for him.

Saturday turned out to be a fine, hot day. It began with the sustaining breakfast Triffie prepared—stewed fruit, scrambled eggs and excellent coffee.

Please turn to page 17

AT DINNER Jennifer knew, and the lamb chops became tasteless. Alison, her mother, wore that betraying air of suppressed excitement. Her hair had been freshly done and her nails were beautiful. The blue of her eyes seemed as dark as her lashes, and her mouth had a curve to it—an up-curve.

Those first long days after Daddy had left for camp, the curve had been down, wistfully down. Now she looked pretty and never old enough to be the mother of Jennifer, who was sixteen.

His gay one, Daddy called Alison. "You and I are the old soberades, Jinkie," he used to tell Jennifer, but his eyes sparkled when he said it, and Jennifer knew he was proud she looked like him. Both of them loved Alison so. "Take care of her, Jinkie," Daddy had said when he left, looking so big and fine in his uniform.

Alison pushed her dessert aside and rose. "We're late to-night," she said. "I promised Madge I'd slip round this evening. Didn't you say Kim was taking you to the pictures?"

Jennifer followed her upstairs, feeling sick. Alison was wearing her blue dress with the gold bell. She went into her room and came out with her good fur jacket over her arm.

"Well, I'll run along, chick. Don't wait up for me."

Light and quick, Alison's voice, like her kiss on Jennifer's cheek, her steps descending the stair. Presently, Jennifer, standing rigid, waiting, heard the tapping of her heels fading into distance; heard at last the sound of a slamming car door, and the quick crescendo of a motor. She sat down on the side of her chintz-covered bed, wishing she didn't know.

Her mother was going out with Ted Wayburn again.

This had been going on some time now. Wretchedly Jennifer recalled the day she had come in quietly to hear her mother's voice and Madge's in the den, raised, both of them, and Alison's indignant. "Well, what harm in it? For heaven's sake, must I sit home until I take root because Jim's in the army? Ted's a good scout. We're not hurting anybody. Can't I have



HONOR BRIGHT

By ...

DORIS HUME

a little fun? All we do is to go to Lindley's or the Tavern, some place like that, and have a couple of drinks, a few dances."

Madge's grave voice, "Jim knows?"

"Why not?" But Jennifer knew from the way her mother's tone flattened that Daddy didn't know. Dizzy with that knowledge, she had fled upstairs to her room. Since then, in sick dismay, she had watched this thing go on. Suffering with shame when Alison lied to her, lying awake, tense with listening, waiting for her return at night. Not knowing what to do. Her schoolwork showing the effect, because no mind can be on two things at once. Unable even to write her usual gay letters to her father,

with knowledge weighing her pen. Hating to meet Madge.

The doorbell jangled noisily. That would be Kim. She went down and let him in—tall, redheaded, and lanky.

"Hi," said Kim, without his usual grin, when he came inside, "I want to know something."

"Such as?"

"Did Con Benton drive you home to-night?"

"Who said he did?"

"Dora Keats." Jim's eyes searched Jennifer's. "I told her she was nuts."

Warm relief flowed through Jennifer. Dora was a troublemaker. But Kim—Kim was loyal. Her wide, lovely smile lit her face. "He asked me."

Kim grinned back at her. "Dora's a fool. Ready to go?"

"In a minute. I'll get my coat."

As she left him, Jennifer was thinking about Con Benton. You didn't go round with Con if you cared what was said about you. Con was twenty-one, ineligible for the army because of some ear trouble. Three months ago he'd singled Jennifer out. "What do you run round with these schoolboys for?" he'd asked, over a drink at the milk-bar, his eyes complimentary, if bold.

"Why not? They're my friends."

"Look, you're older. You're different, in actions, appearance, every way. You've got something. I could go for you, Jennifer."

And just then Daddy had walked in to buy some sweets for her mother. That night they'd had a talk, quiet, illuminating. When Con had phoned, Jennifer had made her refusal definite.

But she still saw Con from time to time, briefly. To-night he had pulled to the curb just as she waved to Dora.

He said, "Well, beautiful, can I give you a lift?" And, when she shook her head, "Still keen on Kim? Jen, I could show you what a good time really is. How about to-night? Come on."

"No!" she said. Some implishness made her add, "If I change my mind, I'll let you know."

He grinned. "I'll be waiting. I'm good at that—sometimes."

Jennifer told Kim of this, when she came out with her coat. He laughed. "I'll make it up to you, Jen. I've got the bus outside. Got to deliver some pills to old Mr. Lane for Dad. We can take in any show on the way home. Good, eh?"

"Super!" said Jennifer, and stopped as the phone rang in the den. "Wait. I'll see who that is."

It might be her mother calling. It wasn't; it was Daddy.

"You're different, in actions, appearance, every way," Con told Jennifer.

She seemed to hear her mother's voice, "All we do is go out to Lindley's or the Tavern, some place like that"—Daddy's voice, "Take care of her, Jinkie."

She wasn't sure how the idea took form in her mind, but it sent her upstairs, into the new dress her mother had laughingly called "too old for you." She deepened her make-up, borrowed her mother's old fur coat. Her heart pounded all the while she and Kim drove out to deliver the medicine. When he asked, as he turned the car, "Where'll we go?" the words came out, planned and hiding their desperation, "Oh, I don't want to go to another show, Kim. Let's do something exciting."

"Like what?"

"Let's—let's go to the Tavern."

"For Pete's sake!" He stared at her. "Jen, you're wacky."

Please turn to page 20



Put your best face forward . . .

How beautiful they are—the clever women who use Yardley beauty-things to enhance the loveliness that Nature gave them! It is a choice that speaks of subtlety because there is no beauty so entrancing as that which seems innocent of art. And to give Nature the credit that is rightly theirs is Yardley's special pride!



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THREE men sat at a small round marble-topped table. Colonel Race and Chief Inspector Kemp were drinking cups of dark brown tea, rich in tannin. Anthony Browne was drinking an English cafe's idea of a nice cup of coffee. It was not Anthony's idea, but he endured it for the sake of being admitted on equal terms to the two other men's conference.

Chief Inspector Kemp, having painstakingly verified Anthony's credentials, had consented to recognize him as a colleague.

"If you ask me," said the chief inspector, dropping several lumps of sugar into his dark brew and stirring it briskly, "this case will never be brought to trial. We'll never get the evidence."

"You think not?" asked Race.

Kemp shook his head and took an approving sip of his tea. "The only hope was to get evidence concerning the actual purchasing or handling of cyanide by one of those five. I've drawn a blank everywhere. It'll be one of those cases where you know who did it, and you can't ever prove it."

"So you know who did it?" Anthony regarded him with interest.

"Well, I'm pretty certain in my own mind. Lady Alexandra Farraday."

"So that's your bet," said Race. "Reasons?"

"You shall have 'em. I'd say she's the type that's madly jealous. And autocratic, too. Like that queen in history—Eleanor of Somewhere, that followed the clue to fair Rosamund's bower and offered her the choice of a dagger or a cup of poison."

"Only in this case," said Anthony, "she didn't offer fair Rosamund any choice."

Chief Inspector Kemp went on. "Someone like Mr. Barton off. He becomes suspicious—and I should say his suspicions were pretty definite. He wouldn't have gone as far as actually buying a house in the country unless he wanted to keep an eye on the Farradays. He must have made it pretty plain to her—harping on this party and urging them to come to it. She's not the kind to wait and see."

"Autocratic again, she finished him off! That, you may say so far, is all theory and based on character. But I'll say that the only person who could have had any chance whatever of dropping something into Mr. Barton's glass just before he drank would be the woman on his right."

"And nobody saw her do it?" said Anthony.

"Quite. They might have, but they didn't. Say, if you like, she was pretty adroit."

"A positive conjuror."

Race coughed. He took out his pipe and began stuffing the bowl.

"Just one minor point. Granted Lady Alexandra is autocratic, jealous, and passionately devoted to her husband, granted that she'd not stick at murder, do you think she is the type to slip incriminating evidence into a girl's handbag? A perfectly innocent girl, mind, who had never harmed her in any way. Is that in the Kilderminster tradition?"

Inspector Kemp squirmed uneasily in his seat and peered into his tea-cup. "Women don't play cricket," he said. "If that's what you mean."

"Actually, a lot of them do," said Race, smiling. "But I'm glad to see you look uncomfortable."

Kemp escaped from his dilemma by turning to Anthony with an air

ONE YEAR LATER

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

of gracious patronage. "By the way, Mr. Browne—I'll still call you that, if you don't mind—I want to say that I'm very much obliged to you for the prompt way you brought Miss Marie along this evening to tell that story of hers."

"I had to do it promptly," said Anthony. "If I'd waited, I should probably not have brought her along at all."

"She didn't want to come, of course," said Colonel Race.

"She'd got the wind up badly, poor kid," said Anthony. "Quite natural, I think."

"Very natural," said the inspector, and poured himself another cup of tea. Anthony took a gingerly sip of coffee.

"Well," said Kemp, "I think we relieved her mind. She went off home quite happily."

"After the funeral," said Anthony. "I hope she'll get away to the country for a bit. Twenty-four hours' peace and quiet away from Aunt Lucilla's non-stop tongue will do her good, I think."

"Aunt Lucilla's tongue has its uses," said Race.

"You're welcome to it," said Kemp.

"Well," said Anthony, "I dare say you're right, inspector, in saying that the case will never come to trial, but that's a very unsatisfactory finish, and there's one thing we still don't know—who wrote those letters to George Barton telling him his wife was murdered?"

Race said, "Your suspicions still the same, Browne?"

"Ruth Lessing? Yes, I stick to her as my candidate. You told me that she admitted to you she was in love with George. Rosemary, by all accounts, was pretty poisonous to her. Say she saw suddenly a good chance of getting rid of Rosemary, and was fully convinced that with Rosemary out of the way, she could marry George out of hand."

"I grant you that," said Race. "Yes, I give you the first murder. But I simply can't see her committing the second one. I simply cannot see her panicking and poisoning the man she loved and wanted to marry! Another point that rules her out—why did she hold her tongue when she saw Iris throw the cyanide packet under the table?"

"Perhaps she didn't see her do it," suggested Anthony rather doubtfully.

"I'm fairly sure she did," said Race. "When I was questioning her, I had the impression that she was keeping something back. And Iris Marie herself thought Ruth Lessing saw her."

"Come now, colonel," said Kemp. "Let's have your spot. You've got one, I suppose?"

Race nodded. "Curious how we have all selected women as suspects, I suspect a woman, too."

He paused and said quietly, "I think the guilty person is Iris Marie."

With a crash, Anthony pushed his chair back. For a moment his face went dark crimson, then, with an effort, he regained command of himself.

"By all means let us discuss the possibility," he said. "Why Iris Marie? And if so, why should she of her own accord tell me about dropping the cyanide paper under the table?"

"Because," said Race, "she knew that Ruth Lessing had seen her do it."

Anthony considered the reply, his head on one side. Finally he nodded. "Passed," he said. "Go on. Why did you suspect her, in the first place?"

"Motive," said Race. "An enormous fortune had been left to Rosemary in which Iris was not to participate. For all we know, she may have struggled for years with a sense of unfairness. She was aware that if Rosemary died childless all that money came to her. And Rosemary was depressed, unhappy, run down after flu. Just the mood when a verdict of suicide would be accepted without question. There is another reason why I suspected her—a far-fetched one, it may seem to you—Victor Drake."

"Victor Drake?" Anthony stared. "Bad blood. You see, I didn't listen to Lucilla Drake for nothing. I know all about the Marie family. Victor Drake, not so much weak as positively evil. His mother, feeble in intellect and incapable of concentration. Hector Marie, weak, vicious, and a drunkard. Rosemary, emotionally unstable. A family history of weakness, vice, and instability. Pre-disposing causes."

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"Get a doctor, quickly!" Race said, lowering the unconscious girl to the floor.

Anthony lit a cigarette. His hands trembled. "Don't you believe that there may be a sound blossom on a weak or even a bad stock?"

"Of course there may. But I am not sure that Iris Marie is a sound blossom."

"And my word doesn't count," said Anthony slowly, "because I'm in love with her. George showed her those letters, and she got in a funk and killed him? That's how it goes on, is it?"

"Yes. Panic would obtain in her case."

"And how did she get the stuff into George's champagne glass?"

"That, I confess, I do not know."

Kemp watched them both with interest, but he did not speak. He stirred his tea round and round absent-mindedly.

"Very well," Anthony sat upright. "Things have changed. It's no longer a question of sitting round a table, drinking disgusting fluids and airing academic theories. This case has got to be solved. I'll restate the problem. Who knew that Rosemary had been murdered? Who wrote to George telling him so? Why did they write to him? And now

the murders themselves. Wash out the first one. It's too long ago, and we don't know exactly what happened. But the second murder took place in front of my eyes.

"I saw it happen. Therefore, I ought to know how it happened. The ideal time to put the cyanide in George's glass was during the cabaret, but it couldn't have been put in then because he drank from his glass immediately afterward. I saw him drink."

Please turn to page 25

BUBBLES...LUCKY MISHAP



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IT'S FIVE TO NINE — SO WHAT?

THE modern human being is a slave of time—uncerring, mechanical, implacable; measured by watches, clocks, sundials, and observatories, thrust at him from all angles, by sight and sound, presented to him free; until he is nearly driven mad with hours, minutes, and seconds.

Morning—the sun rising with fresh redness over the dew-glistening rooftops. A bird calls its welcome to the dawn—and then stops with a jerk as a raucous, bestial tinkling announces to some harassed human that the time is now six, and he must rise.

Breakfast—the favorite, freshest meal of the day.

Then, as the first mouthful is raised to the hungry lips, the radio speaks: "The time is now five minutes to nine, and we bring you, by courtesy of . . ."

"Heavens, what of my watch?" And the watch is shaken, turned over, examined, sworn at. Where did that half-hour go? Who knows? An automaton slipped. And a human being got indigestion.

The daily round. Lunch time. One o'clock. Ah, I have several things to do this lunch time. Get a bag for Aunt Mary, take those shoes to be repaired, buy some cigarettes, meet Susie May. And, oh yes. Have lunch. I never thought of that.

But how can one have lunch when the clocks are staring accusingly all the way up the street, and shouting

By VIC DONALD

silently: "Five-to-two, five-to-two, five-to . . ."

And love. The greatest emotion in the world.

The boy gets to the corner first. He lights a cigarette. The time? Oh, she's got two minutes yet . . . if she comes now, she'll be right on time . . . anyway, she's only ten minutes late.

The wrist-watch is looked at for the fiftieth time . . . ah, she's only twenty minutes late. Something must have kept her. Or maybe the watch is wrong. Again it is shaken, a worried brow is knitted.

Another look at the watch. Check it with a clock, or a passer-by: "Excuse me, but could you tell me the . . . Oh, thank you very much, that's what I thought . . . yes, it is wet, isn't it?"

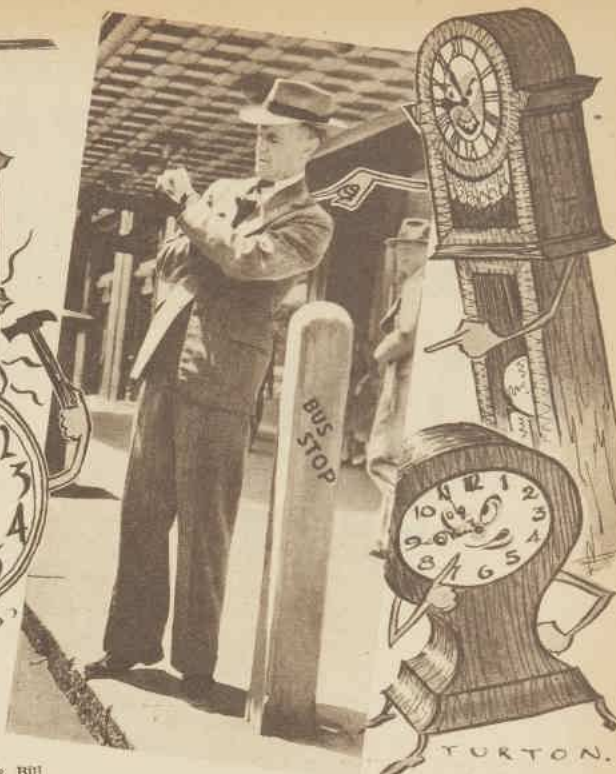
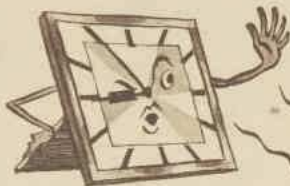
"Oh, this corner's not too bad when you get used to the wind and the rain . . . I just thought the water might have got in my watch . . ."

And woman herself. Man's worst friend, but his most beloved.

Harry said he'd ring at seven o'clock. A woman's voice: "Is anyone going to use the phone for the next three-quarters of an hour?"

Then a ring. What's the time? He must be early.

"Oh, hello, Harry! Oh, not Harry? You want Susie May? Yes, just hold the line a minute . . ."



"WHAT'S THE TIME?" He's waiting. Does he think he will be late? Is the bus late? Or is his girl late?



"Write off" those skin-faults with
Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP



When HE returns . . . how will you look? As pretty as he's dreamed—your skin flawlessly lovely? There's nothing like Rexona Medicated Soap to clear away blemishes and keep your complexion smooth and flower-fresh. Its special medicaments float out those poisons in the pores. Start using Rexona now, and be a radiant, kissable "you" for his return!

REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth, and Benzyl Acetate—all recognised valuable Skin Medicaments.

K. 64, 26



Subtly fashioned for women who walk a lot, live a lot, play a lot . . .

Paragon shoes are a big step forward in shoe smartness. Comfort wedges style in Paragon shoes, and—though we say it ourselves—they give you ages of wear. Available in fractional fittings AAAA-EE on American lasts.

Paragon
THE SHOE BEAUTIFUL



Beat Summer Fatigue with OVALTINE

COLD



FOR BREAKFAST . . .

Two teaspoonsful of energising Ovaltine in a cup of milk is the ideal food-drink for the whole family at the start of a strenuous summer's day.



AT 11 A.M. . . .

A cup of delicious, economical Ovaltine combats fatigue, keeps you fit and alert. Housewives, office and manual workers all derive benefit from Ovaltine.



AT 4 P.M. . . .

Thousands have now formed the healthful habit of drinking Ovaltine every afternoon. Rich in food value, Ovaltine is easily and quickly prepared.



AT BEDTIME . . .

For sound, restful sleep, there's nothing to compare with Ovaltine, which gives you all the goodness of malt extract, milk, and eggs in its most delicious form.



Drink
Your Good Health in -
Ovaltine

Delicious

COLD or HOT



OVALTINE . . . CRYSTALLINE MALT EXTRACT
.. OVALTINE TABLETS are produced at the
delightfully situated Garden Factory of . .

A. WANDER LIMITED, QUOIBA, DEVONPORT, TASMANIA

G.I.s play nursemaid to babies at brides' camp

English girls are well looked after on their way to new homes

Radioed by MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

Men, who not long ago were dealing with the dispersal of the famous American 82nd Airborne Division, are looking after 655 G.I. brides and babies at Tidworth Training Deployment Centre, Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire.

The brides and babies are on their way to their homes in the United States, and from the time they reach Perham Downs Camp at Tidworth they are in the hands of the United States Army.

RUGGED American service-men are nursing babies, seeing their milk is kept at the right temperature, mixing babies' food, calming agitated mothers, and checking perambulators and kiddie carts for shipment instead of kitbags.

Those are some of their duties in what is known as "operation Atlantic."

The first words I heard from Captain Frank Barlow, grey-haired "foster father" to all these children, were apparently quite normal; but as the conversation progressed I began to wonder.

He was talking on the telephone as I waited to see him.

"Foot lockers? O.K., Doc. How many do you want? Six? Right! I'll have them sent up right away... oh, they're quite easy to make up."

"You put three pillows in the bottom, and for Pete's sake don't forget to put a waterproof sheet over them before you add the rest of the bedclothes."

Then Captain Barlow explained to me:

"Bassinets are not part of the normal equipment of the American Army. So we arranged a supply of foot lockers, minus lids, for all babies under two years of age."

"Foot lockers are small metal steamer trunks."

"And babies love them. As one mother said philosophically: 'Even if they do fall out there's not far to fall.'"

Captain Barlow is a married man with two daughters back home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and apparently he has an inexhaustible supply of patience and tact.

His desk in the corner of what was once the unit orderly-room is the focal point of a stream of officers demanding his signature on piles of forms, his decision on innumerable problems.

"Sir, Mrs. Jones wants to know if she can share a cabin with her friends."

"It's too late, they are already allocated."

Busy scene

"CAPTAIN, Mrs. Barnes has lost her pyjamas and wants you to get her some. All Red Cross can give her is G.I. underwear."

"I don't like these either, I'll see what I can do," smiled Captain Barlow.

Through the room passes a steady stream of women, filling in forms, discussing them loudly.

Children dance happily on tabletops. Babies wriggle from their mothers' arms and crawl across the floor.

Typewriters have an irresistible fascination for one small boy, busy mixing carefully prepared forms in an effort to help, until he is cheerfully carried out by a tall lieutenant who has two English-born babies of his own.

Captain Barlow imperturbably ignores the whole affair, although he has averaged only about four hours' sleep a night since the brides first arrived.

"You can't treat women and children like Army personnel," he said. "We did try to arrange for one woman to mind several children while the mothers quipped up, but the babies are so confused with all the moving round they are terrified if they lose sight of their mothers."

"If I can get trained attendants we will try to set up a nursery for the next lot of brides. Until then it is better for the children to be with their mothers. We will just



HAPPILY SETTLED at Tidworth while awaiting transport across the Atlantic to new homes in America are Mrs. Earl Boudas and Kenneth, Mrs. William Fielder, Trudy and Clare, and Mrs. John Farnsworth and Robert.

have to try to make it as easy as possible for them."

Certainly everything possible is being done to help the brides in the tiring, difficult job of taking small children thousands of miles across the ocean to a new land.

"We have to do a little scrounging," Captain Barlow admitted. "Everyone was told to bring sufficient supplies of food and clothing for the children for four weeks, but we wanted an emergency supply just in case."

"Extra sterilising equipment, steam trays to keep milk and babies' food hot were easy. We got those from our own installations that have closed down."

"But you can't requisition babies' napkins," he added.

Two medical officers, both child specialists, are attached to the camp, and two U.S. Army nurses are in constant attendance.

Senior Medical Officer, Dr. David Hirschel, of New York, explained:

"Mothers can either use the standard babies' food issued by the medical section, or they can hand in their own babies' food and order as many feeds as they want made up."

"There is a constant supply of the standard food, hot milk, and sterile water in the medical building until 10 p.m., and in the sleeping quarters after that."

"All official business of filling in forms is arranged so mothers can take time off to feed their babies whenever they need to."

"For older babies special food, such as puree of vegetables, has been sent over from America and



ESCORTING brides and their babies to billets at Tidworth Camp is pleasing job for G.I.s.

grinning G.I.s were seated, both holding babies.

James Elias handed Barbara to her mother, Mrs. Moncrief, who was following me.

"I am a bachelor," he said, "but these babies have made even me want to get married."

A harassed bride thrust another baby into his arms, and I went with Mrs. Moncrief to her room, where she introduced me to Mrs. Milhulka (one baby) and Mrs. Mirabella (two babies), who were sharing it with her.

Simplified forms

LINES were strung across the room from all angles, covered to capacity with drying nappies and baby clothes.

There were three Army beds for the mothers, and the children were happily playing in their foot-locker-bassinets.

A coal fire glowed cheerfully, and from the windows there was a wonderful view of Salisbury Plain.

"Of course we are all fearfully tired of trailing round filling in forms," said Mrs. Mirabella.

"But there is even less of that than if we were going on our own. They have arranged for us to use one form instead of a passport and visa. That makes things much easier."

"Everybody has been kind to us and, although we are already missing our homes, we are tremendously excited to think we will soon be in America."

At 5.30 we went down to combined American tea and supper, which was served by German prisoners of war, who do all the domestic work of the camp.

Most of the food is canned Army rations from America, but to many it gave the feeling they had already arrived at their new homes.

There are approximately 40,000 English girls waiting to go to America; about 30 per cent. have one or more children.

But the American Army expects to have them all safely in their new homes by June.

Several more camps will be set up in England.

This camp is also the model for two that will be formed on the Continent for French and Belgian brides.

Captain Barlow's only sign of weakening came when he told me this and said, "At least these girls speak English."



IN IMPROVED BASSINET, a converted army foot locker, baby Janet is carried by her mother, Mrs. Mirabella (left), helped by Mrs. Milhulka.

this is served in the mess hall at the same time as the mothers' meals.

"This means, of course, that the evening meal is pretty early—about 5.30 to 7 p.m.—but most of the mothers are only too ready to go to bed as early as they can, so this suits them, too."

The camp is a series of two-storied brick buildings, steam-heated, and

two of these are given over entirely to the mothers with children.

Two child welfare workers are assigned to each of these buildings; but a good deal of the baby minding seems to be done by G.I. volunteers.

Carefully avoiding babies, who were crawling all over the stairs, I went to the sleeping quarters.

At the head of the stairs two

OUR NEW SERIAL

OPENING instalment will appear next week of "Brief Heaven," sparkling new serial by Rose Franken.

It is a delightfully amusing story of that popular and appealing young couple, David and Claudia. Their adventures, always entertaining, reach a new highlight with this story when Claudia, like a fairy-tale princess, finds herself whisked from the drudgery of domestic routine to the dizzy glamor of acting on the London stage.

Editorial

FEBRUARY 16, 1946

DEATH FROM THE AIR

THE disastrous plane crash on Lewisham Hospital, Sydney, has shown how urgent is the need for control of flying over cities.

Even greater tragedy was averted only by the merest chance at Lewisham. Had the plane struck the building instead of the courtyard the deathroll might have been hundreds.

From now on air traffic will increase at a terrific rate. Before long there will be many private planes in the air, as well as more and more commercial airliners.

If planes continue to fly without restriction over heavily settled areas we may expect more of such accidents, which add to the hazard of an already sufficiently hazardous life.

The accident rate from road traffic is high enough in all conscience.

But it will be of little avail tightening up road traffic laws if to these dangers are added incomparably greater ones of death from the air.

Some system of air lanes will have to be devised, the sooner the better. While it would not be possible to eliminate all chance of disaster it is surely practicable to avoid direct routes over the most heavily built-up city areas, hospitals, and schools.

While the war was on it would have been unreasonable to complain. In war time minutes saved by direct routes might mean the saving of lives. And, when the stake was victory, risks had to be taken.

Now the stake is peace. Some of the problems of making the world safe are huge and complex. This is a little one. There should be a solution.



DAY NURSERY at St. Albans, England. The British "Women's Parliament" hopes to see these nurseries, which were established so that mothers could work in war factories, continue in peacetime.

New deal for the housewife

British women's "parliament" has ambitious peace programme

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

The women of London have a "parliament" of their own. Their "Prime Minister" is a housewife, middle-aged Mrs. Freda Grimble, who was once a fruit farmer in New South Wales.

Formed in 1941 to mobilise women for the war effort, its peacetime programme is to help women understand the vital part they must play in building the future.

EVERY session is a get-together for between 700 and 900 women "M.P.s" to discuss specific issues and decide what action is to be taken.

The members of London's "Women's Parliament" know what they are talking about, because they only go into session when something affecting the lives of women has to be discussed.

When they decide on action to be taken, every member returns to her organisation to see that it is carried out.

The "Women's Parliament" co-ordinates the work of women's organisations of all types.

It is not attached to any political party and provides an open platform for all sections of progressive opinion among women.

A working class housewife member of this "parliament" said, "We get together, stick together, know what we want, and can do anything."

Her optimistic statement is echoed by mothers who became members when day nurseries were wanted. The "parliament's" efforts went a long way to having them established throughout the country.

"Now that the war is won we aim to have such good institutions as day nurseries, British restaurants, welfare clinics and all the social amenities that made it possible for women to make a maximum contribution to the war effort retained," said one of the women "politicians."

"We found our children gained in health, happiness, self-confidence and independence, leaving us free for war work, once the day nurseries were running smoothly."

"The children had carefully planned food, regular medical atten-

tion, toys and equipment we couldn't have afforded, and happy surroundings among other children of the same age."

"All this meant a lot to the children as well as ourselves. That is why we want nurseries to remain as part of peacetime planning."

"They opened an entirely new life for working women, and if they are kept on these women will have freedom for leisure, recreation, and outside interests; freedom to be happier mothers, companionable wives, and responsible citizens."

The sixth session of the "Women's Parliament" met in London this month when its bill on the rebuilding of family life was discussed.

The bill deals with the problems of the return of men and women from the forces, of women disarmed from highly skilled jobs to low-paid employment.

Equal pay

IT covers the million new dwellings needed in London, and the need for social services to be developed side by side with housing.

Other priorities in the bill are education for the young and opportunities for advanced training for adults.

Above all, the "Women's Parliament" regards equal pay as most essential in building up a new, secure life.

"Men must recognise that women, unless given equal pay, will be exploited as cheap labor," a member told me.

"We want them to understand there is no need to fear women in industry provided they are paid the rate for the job."

But how does this "parliament" work with such an ambitious programme?

Our Cover

ON our cover this week is a portrait by Australian Women's Weekly staff artist, Virgil, of Lady Louis Mountbatten, wife of the Supreme Allied Commander in South-east Asia.

Lady Louis is planning to visit Australia next month as the guest of the Australian Red Cross. She is a representative of the British Red Cross and St. John War Organisation, and sat for the portrait when Virgil was in Singapore recently.

Already hundreds of Australians have shown how much they like Lady Louis; for when she visited former A.I.F. prisoners of war in Malaya she was mobbed and had to be rescued by her husband. Lord Louis Mountbatten is also hoping to visit Australia.

Its members told me.

At intervals it holds sessions. Having decided what action is to be taken on a certain line, the delegates go back to the organisations they represent—trades union branches, professional and religious bodies, co-operative guilds, factories, housewives' clubs, nurseries, youth clubs, doctors, nurses, and teachers' associations.

Each organisation follows up the recommendations of the session by writing to members of the House of Commons, by petitions, deputations, and public meetings.

Thus the "Women's Parliament" sets an example and its work travels far throughout Britain.

That it does get things done is shown by its achievements.

In industry the members advocated training for skilled jobs. They brought in the part-time schemes, convincing the Government that women could give some part of the day and still run homes.

They improved wages for part-timers, improved industrial welfare, got "work at home" schemes going, emphasising always the importance of the trades union recruitment.

Among their hardest-fought campaigns were those for day nurseries and an increase in dependants' allowances.

Proud of its contribution to the national war effort, the "Women's Parliament" is now working as ardently for peace as it did for victory.

Interesting People



LT.-COL. N. C. THYSON
... flying laboratory

GENIAL American, Lieut.-Colonel Nimmo C. Thyson, is commanding officer of party of U.S. scientists and chief pilot of giant Douglas Skymaster "flying laboratory" recently in Australia for scientific talks en route to Pacific battle theatres for research into equipment deterioration in tropics. On left breast wears ribbons of U.S.A.A.F., on right, wings of Royal Canadian Air Force. Served in R.C.A.F. as test pilot, 1940-43. Transferred to his own country's Air Force for war with Japan.



MISS D. KNIGHT DIX

... Britain's first woman judge

WELL-known London barrister, thirty-six-year-old Miss Dorothy Knight Dix, becomes Britain's first woman judge with her recent appointment as Deputy Recorder at Deal, Kent. Has powers to try everything except murder and treason. Graduate of London University, she was called to Bar eleven years ago and has won reputation as criminal and common law barrister. Is tall, smart, good looking.



BRIG. B. BIERWIRTH

... Imperial Defence College

APPOINTED Australian consultant at Imperial Defence College, Brigadier B. Bierwirth will leave shortly for London. Formerly Deputy Quartermaster, Movements, A.M.F., he has been concerned with repatriation of troops from islands. Sailed in first A.I.F. convoy to Middle East. Held senior administrative posts at various headquarters in the field. After year at Defence College, is expected to take up appointment at War Office for further year.

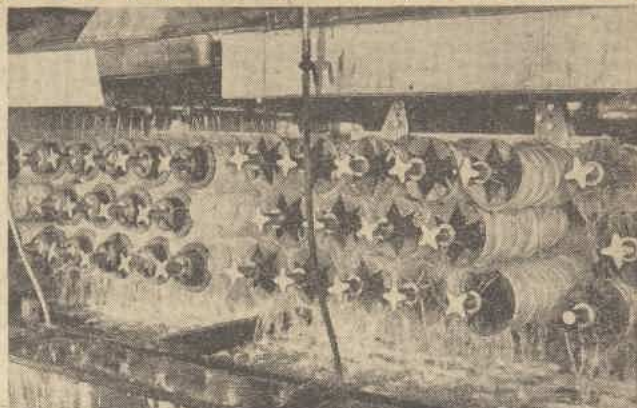


IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.

CANADA PRODUCES RAYON FOR CIVILIANS



SMOOTH, SHINY artificial silk called rayon is made from pulpwood. This picture shows timber being hauled near Quebec to textile factory. Australia's first factory for rayon-yarn production will soon be established in N.S.W.



RAYON is produced by processes which tear the wood pulp into shreds, turn it into a liquid, and then solidify it into yarn. Here the yarn wound into cakes is being washed in soap and water.



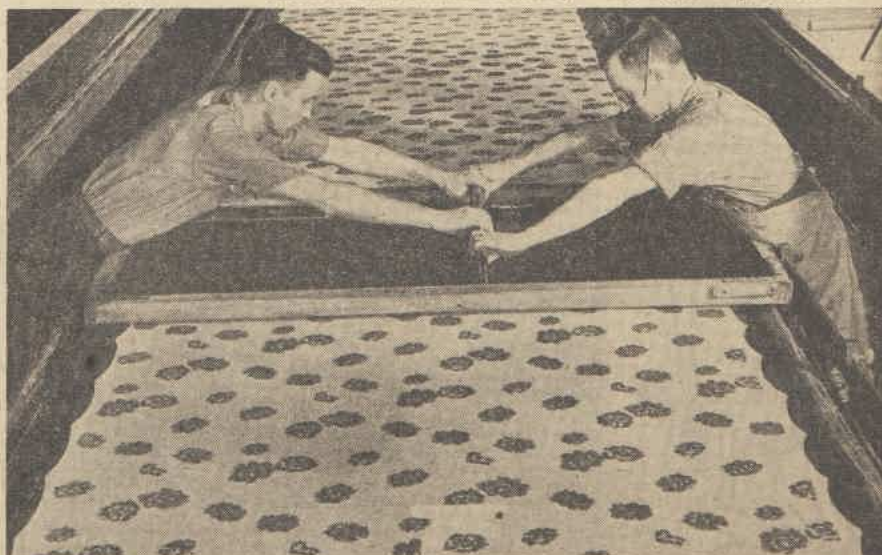
GIRL WORKER tests rayon yarn for its tensile strength in the control laboratory of a Canadian factory. During war, rayon was used for tyres and parachutes.



BACK FROM a vital role in war, rayon is now being produced for civilians. This worker reels skeins of yarn from the finished material in a Canadian factory where rayon is produced.



ONE METHOD of putting a design on rayon cloth is the silk process. Here a worker in a weaving mill is seen retouching the spotted patterns on a silk screen.



EXOTIC colorful pattern is printed on to woven rayon material by the silk screen. Canadian factories have a big output of rayon. Eventually weaving factories will be set up in Australia. These photographs were supplied by the Canadian Government.

ONE of Adelaide's well-known brigadiers was recently discharged from the army.

His small daughter, aged seven, aided his rehabilitation on his first night as a civilian by throwing him a tea-towel when the washing up began and remarking:

"Here, Daddy, you might have been a big shot in the Army, but you're home now."

Well spoken, sir

A BRITISH member of Parliament has voiced a feminine grievance that will evoke "Hearts" in this country.

He asked the president of the Board of Trade (Sir Stafford Cripps) if he could state the amount of rubber saved during the average year by changing the grip on women's suspenders to metal.

He went on to say that the type of suspender now in compulsory use in England either failed to keep stockings up or laddered the stocking.

Sir Stafford Cripps said that the manufacture of suspender knobs in synthetic rubber had been allowed since November 23.

Persisted the member: "Is the right honorable and learned gentleman aware that what he is gaining on . . ." he was interrupted by various honorable members who said "Swings," then he went on: "he is losing on laddered stockings?"

COMMENT from a harassed salesman in a men's store: "You can always pick the returned servicemen when they come in here to buy shirts and socks. They don't seem to know there's been a war on!"

New York Round-up

Yellow pants for misunderstood males

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff.

If your wife takes you for granted the chances are you need a pair of yellow pants. Any rate, that's the view of Andrew Tully, "World-Telegram" staff writer.

TULLY reports that Men's Fashion Guild of New York has decreed that the American male is going to wear yellow and grey this spring.

The Guild is convinced he will become the happiest, handiest, and most irresistible of men.

The director of the Guild, Mrs. Lee Batin, told how the Guild arrived at the judgment scientifically.

She said the Guild consulted the Public Health Service, which revealed that yellow was a happy color made gayer by grey.

Batin looked kind, gay, and happy herself in a neat grey suit with a yellow orchid on the shoulder.

"It's going to make men happier

Unassuming service

"WHY me?" asked most of the 615 women of Britain mentioned in the New Year Honors.

There were cooks, welfare workers, telegraphists, scientists, and factory girls. The fact that they wonder why they were selected is proof of the modest, unassuming service they gave in war.

One, Dorothy Buckmaster, former Court dressmaker, was in the Land Army. At the Land Army's fourth birthday party at Buckingham Palace the Queen asked her what she did.

"I bring up bulls, Your Majesty," she said.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes, elopée on a Southampton bus, had only asked for time off once. That was to travel to Buckingham Palace to see her merchant seaman husband receive the B.E.M. for his action when his ship was torpedoed. Now he will be able to see his wife receive the same decoration.

A grandmother, she conducted a dock tram when a girl of 17 in the first world war.

A Church Army sister, Rosa Diplock, used to wheel an invalid chair carrying jugs of tea from shelter to shelter. Before long she commanded eight mobile depots to serve air-raid victims.

A pretty 24-year-old blonde, Mildred Pearce, delivered letters to villagers of Oakridge, Gloucestershire. "What for?" she asked, when she heard her name was in the honors list.

Her fellow postal workers in the nearest big town said: "For doing a cracking good job in all weather, for her friendliness, for never letting others down by being late or temperamental."

HOWDY PAL?

The Travel Association of Great Britain is launching a courtesy campaign to break down British reserve and make Britain a tourist centre.

For years I've dreamed my dreams of foreign travel. Though details of this picture war has wrecked; At bomb-scarred streets 'twere of no use to cavil. But cannot something be what I expect?

If Britishers were matey I'd be nervous; If talk in trains I wanted, then why roam? Next thing they'll try to make — may saints preserve us — The castle of an Englishman my home.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Severe

IN the centre of the section of Sydney's National Gallery, where the Archibald Prize entries are on show, stands a piece of sculpture, "The Satyr" by Frank "Guy" Lynch, recently rescued from store where it has been for many years.

An old gentleman, impeccably in cream trousers, turned to look at it after gazing with some disapproval on the competition portraits.

"Tell me," he said, to a couple of other visitors, "is this part of the current show?"

They said no, it wasn't.

"I thought not," he smiled. "They wouldn't want any art in this show, would they?"

New lights

THE new traffic lights which have been installed by councils at several busy suburban intersections in Melbourne are the invention of an 82-year-old Melbourne engineer, Mr. Charles Marshall.

Designed like a clockface, the lights change from red to green at the hour and half-hour positions on the dial.

Flashing green at twelve, the light beam increases until it covers half the clock face, when the red flashes and repeats the same procedure on the other side.

In this way intersection traffic has a clear picture of the time available for crossing before the lights change.

In areas where main roads are crossed by streets with less traffic, the lights can be simply re-set to give more time to main road traffic.

For example, the less important through-streets may be allowed to have green only up to the quarter or twenty past position to enable main road traffic to have "Go" light for a longer period.

OUR New York office reports that a unique scheme for house-to-house selling has been thought up in San Francisco.

Supply trucks from stores will go out to strategic locations throughout the city and act as field headquarters for messenger boys loaded with goods.

If the clerk can't fill the housewife's order he "walkie-talkies" the truck. If the truck can't comply, the store is radioed and special delivery will be made by motor-cycle.

Australian housewives suffering from six years of queue-its wouldn't care if smoke-signals were sent up if only deliveries were resumed.

Lovely names

SOME wonderful confusion results from the similarity in names of two Victorian politicians and their secretaries.

They are the Federal Minister for Labor and National Services Mr. E. J. Holloway, who has Mr. Laurence Lovelace as his private secretary, and the Hon. T. T. Holloway, Leader of the Victorian Liberal Party, and former State Minister for Labor and National Services, whose secretary in the past five years has been Mr. John Lovewell.

The private secretaries, of course, bear the brunt of the confusion of identities, and they take a very cautious view of phone and business calls from strangers.

It often happens that the inquirer wants to unfold private information to one, really meant for the ear of the other.

As ideal private secretaries, however, both are close-lipped about the mistakes that have been made.

Incidentally, Mr. Lovelace believes his name by being happily married and Mr. Lovewell is a bachelor!

Animal Antics



"Haven't you any manners, Oscar? Ladies first."

Local Winchell

WHEN one of our representatives was recently in Bega, on the N.S.W. south coast, she met an enterprising young man, Mr. Bill Jardine, who runs a novel session on the local broadcasting station.

Known to one and all as "The Newhawk," Mr. Jardine gives two 25-minute sessions a week.

The news is local and personal. "The people around here love it," he told our representative.

"You know, it's rather like the sort of stuff Walter Winchell puts over."

"I cover every aspect of country life, and I can assure you that nothing of major importance can happen that I don't know about."

Mr. Jardine judiciously mixes sporting results, market reports, and social news. He writes his copy at 6 a.m.

"That's the time when I can think best," he said.

"I usually read 15 pages of footslop and when I've finished my session I'm completely exhausted."

Farmers always try to get their milking done early on the two nights he broadcasts at 6.20. So that they won't miss the session many farmers have rigged up loud-speakers in the cow-balls.

Home again

THE most fed-up serviceman must be the one we met recently.

After three and a half years in New Guinea without leave he returned to Australia for discharge.

He cheerfully applied for his pre-war job with an oil company and discovered to his horror that his first appointment was to be in one of their main branches in Borneo.



"Look, sonny, I was hired to watch YOU!"

EARLE WILSON, New York Post columnist, reports: "Greta Garbo is round town wearing brown bobby-sox over her silk stockings—abhorrent practice which some say makes her one of the ten best 'messed' women of the year."

FIFTY-YEAR-OLD mother of six children, aged 18 to 31, has just taken control of the Smith Victory Corporation, which makes more than 800,000 bobbysox and 3,000,000 hairpins each day.

She's Mrs. Roy Bain, who succeeds her husband as president.

She's one of the many outstanding examples of women who are retaining controlling positions in business in the postwar period.

THE other day a woman riding on a city bus accidentally smudged a man's coat with lipstick.

Later she called up a city newspaper and asked it to explain the whole thing. "Because he seemed such a nice man and she would hate to break up his family."

THE housewife's definition quoted in a New York paper: "A budget is something you can't live within without."

A MAN called up for jury duty the other day asked to be excused because the defendant was a red-head.

Redheads were his weakness, he explained.



"I don't trust that of compass. Let's look for a tree with moss on it."



HONEYMOONERS. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Swanson snapped while lunching at the Australia. Mrs. Swanson was before her recent marriage Miss Violet Manning, well-known Red Cross publicity officer. Former P.O.W., Mr. Swanson was manager of the Chartered Bank of Batavia. Violet met him in Singapore.



CUTTING CAKE. Captain Gerard Conneely, A.A.M.C., and his bride, formerly Lieutenant Patricia Duane, daughter of the late W. F. Duane and of Mrs. B. Duane, of Vauluse. Bridesmaid is sister Betty, and best man Captain Geoffrey Dynon. Reception at Vere Mathews'.



CONGRATULATIONS for Mr. and Mrs. John Marchant from Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. F. L. Northcote at reception at Australia. Bride was Judith Erby, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Erby, of Wingham.

Intimate Greetings

VOLUNTARY workers at the St. Andrew's Cathedral Hut celebrate the hut's sixth and last birthday to-day. Programme for the day consists of a ceremony at Cathedral, meeting in Chapter House, and party in main hut.

Mrs. J. Gardiner, who has assisted with the catering every day since the hut opened on February 12, 1940, tells me that the voluntary workers have done wonderful job. Of the committee, of 13 not one resigned.

Interested to hear that on the first Monday the hut opened there were six servicemen to lunch. On the last there were 1529.

Archbishop's wife, Mrs. H. W. K. Mowll, president of committee, will preside at the last meeting.



AFTER CEREMONY. Mr. Allin Boehm, ex-P.O.W. from Malaya, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Boehm, of Edgecliff, with his bride, formerly Joy Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Graham, of Pt. Piper. Ceremony at St. James', King Street.



COUNTRY INTEREST when Surgeon-Lieut. Shane Watson, D.S.C., R.A.N.R., marries Freda Squire, of "Bumbalby," Cowra. Snapped at reception at Australia Hotel following ceremony at St. Philip's, Lieut. Edward Freshney, R.A.N.R., Aveline Watson, Surgeon-Lieut. Victor Hercus, R.A.N.R., June Robinson, bridegroom and bride, Lieut. Philip Stevenson, R.A.N., and bride's sister, Margaret Squire.



SUB-DEBS' PARTY. Dorothy Brennan (left), Helen Backhouse, Sonia Ann Lester, Rita Flippo, Joy Wallace, Patricia Doherty, Winsome O'Gorman Hughes, Jill Creaigh, Mary Ozenham, Mary Brennan, and Mary Curtin at party at Prince's given by Patricia Doherty for her school friends.

NEW MEMBERS' NIGHT at Victoria League Young Contingent. Basie Zalocostas (left), first Victoria League member to contact League in Canada; Dorothy Whitehead, first Canadian to join League in Sydney; Lieut. James Page, R.N.V.R., a recent R.N. member, welcomed by club director Lois Graham at New Members' Night at club rooms.



PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. Lauri Leask and her husband, W.O. Leask, at their reception at Pickwick Club. Before marriage, bride was Peggy Brooks, only child of late Alan Brooks and of Mrs. E. Robinson, of Sydney. Bridegroom is son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Leask, of Sydney. Bridesmaid is Marjorie Willoughby, and best man Flight-Lieut. A. Leask.

CHAT to Captain Charles McGregor, new A.D.C. to Duke of Gloucester, this week, and learn that this six-foot twenty-three-year-old bachelor who has joined the Duke's staff is a keen sportsman.

In fact, he and Commander Alec Robertson will give the local Canberra cricket team a run for their money when they start batting; he also tells me that he's waiting till the weather cools down a bit until he plays a game of golf on Canberra's course.

Captain McGregor, who was at Eton, is the son of Sir Charles and Lady McGregor, of Hampshire, England. The Duke was colonel-in-chief of his regiment, so that was how he was chosen for his appointment to the staff.

CAPTAIN Brian De Meyrick, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. F. De Meyrick, Casula, has joined 6th Gurkha Regiment, Indian Army, and is leaving soon for India. Brian was formerly with Australian Commandos in New Guinea. His wife and small son Jonathan, at present staying in Adelaide with Mrs. De Meyrick's parents, the Clifford Deeleys, will join him later. Brian's younger brother Bill, who was navigator in R.A.A.F., is taking up civil engineering at Sydney University.

DEBONAIR Edwin Styles lives up to his reputation for bright talk with his witty curtain speech at first night of "Blithe Spirit" at Royal. Current heat-wave doesn't prevent his first-nighters turning up. Notice few tricks to keep cool, such as Mrs. George Patterson's Spanish fan of black silk and Colin Galbraith's white double-breasted dinner jacket. His wife looks cool, too, in lovely gown of lustrous pearl-grey satin. True-lovers' knots on skirts proclaim it to be her wedding gown. "Had it made into dinner gown to save coupons," she tells me. Other first-nighters include the Frank Talts from Melbourne, Mrs. Roy Buckland, and, of course, Mrs. T. H. Kelly.

"WHAT will you call the baby?" I asked Tim Osborne, who is just out of the Army, when I heard his first son had been born at King George Fifth. "Tim, of course," he said. Both Betty and the baby are well. Tim is their second child; daughter Geraldine is four.

RENEWING acquaintance with many Sydney friends is Mrs. Joan Hunt, daughter of Mrs. I. Hunt, of Rose Bay, left Sydney five years ago for her marriage in Bombay, and this is her first trip home.

"I expect to spend six months in Sydney with mother, who is seeing her only grandson for the first time, and then I'm off to England to join my husband, who is on furlough," Mrs. Halstead tells me.

Her husband, who was a captain with the Indian Electrical Mechanical Engineers, has now received his discharge, and as soon as his wife arrives in England they will travel to Glasgow to see his family. It will be the first time they have seen Joan and, of course, young John, who is their only grandchild. After their furlough the Halsteads expect to return to Bombay.

INTERESTING engagement this week when Thelma Gray, W.A.A.A.F. nursing orderly, and eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Gray, of West Pennant Hills, calls on me with her fiancé, Gunner Gordon Harman, A.I.P., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harman, of Albert Park Lake, Melbourne, to tell me they "are announcing engagement." Thelma flashes diamond solitaire set in white gold with diamond shoulders. She is down on leave from 112th A.G.H., Greenslopes, Brisbane.

DIAMOND solitaire worn by A.C.W. Norma Robley, W.A.A.A.F., eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Robley, of Bondi, who announces her engagement to Bill Williamson, ex-R.A.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Williamson, of Greta.

HONEYMOON in Melbourne for newlyweds Rick and Gwen O'Neill, who were married in Sydney recently. Gwen is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Wheeler, of Randwick. Couple plan future home in Sydney and have joined band of househunters.

Joyce

I TOLD OFF THE BOSS... and got a rise out of it!



NO! NO! I DON'T WANT THE BOILERS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE FACTORY! AND DON'T BOTHER SUBMITTING ANY FURTHER PLANS

BUT MR. COLMAN, THAT'S EASILY ALTERED. I COULD...

HE'S REALLY A VERY GOOD ARCHITECT, MR. COLMAN. HIS NEW PLAN FOR AIR-CONDITIONING...

WHY DOESN'T HE GET THAT OFFICE OF HIS AIR-CONDITIONED... IF HE WANTS SOME BUSINESS

THERE GOES ANOTHER CLIENT! COULDN'T GET OUT OF MY OFFICE QUICKLY ENOUGH

I CAN'T FIGURE YOU OUT, YOU'VE ALL THE BRAINS IN THE WORLD - AND YET YOU'RE NOT AWAKE TO... BO.



WHAT A NERVE! MY SECRETARY CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! I'LL... I'LL... WELL MAYBE I'LL GO HOME AND TRY LIFEBOUY FIRST...

GEE, THIS DAILY LIFEBOUY SHOWER MAKES ME EXTRA CLEAN! LIFEBOUY WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT REALLY STOPS B.O. ... GIVES LASTING AND ALL-OVER PROTECTION



THE HOTTER THE WEATHER THE MORE YOU NEED LIFEBOUY. A DAILY BATH OR SHOWER WITH ANY SOAP IS NOT ENOUGH TO STOP B.O. YOU MUST USE LIFEBOUY. WITH LIFEBOUY YOU'RE SAFE, DOUBLY SAFE, BECAUSE ITS DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER GIVES YOU LASTING ALL-OVER PROTECTION GET LIFEBOUY TODAY

MAKE A NOTE OF THAT SUDDEN DROP IN THE LAND. AND ALSO MAKE A NOTE THAT YOUR SALARY GOES UP FROM NEXT WEEK



THINKS: THE BOSS IS DOING AWFULLY WELL NOW... SINCE I TIPPED HIM OFF ABOUT LIFEBOUY!

THE ONE SOAP
SPECIALLY
MADE TO STOP
B.O.



W1541



I said "I do"
when he asked if
I washed clothes
with **RINSO**
*'stead of scrubbing with
old-fashioned bar soaps!*



THANK, GOODNESS MOTHER TOLD ME ABOUT RINSO. ITS SUDS ARE SO RICH AND THICK THEY GET OUT ALL THE DIRT BY THEMSELVES

LOOK! YOUR WHITES & COLOURED ARE AS BRIGHT AS THE DAY WE BOUGHT THEM



THAT'S RINSO FOR YOU! I DIDN'T NEED TO SCRUB AT ALL. THAT SAVES THE CLOTHES AND ME TOO



CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES - TIME TO BAKE A CAKE ON WASHDAY!



YOU CAN THANK RINSO FOR THAT! ITS THE MODERN TIME-SAVING WAY TO WASH



The better the suds
the brighter your wash and
RINSO gives the richest,
thickest suds of all

Z.178.1

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

GEMINIANs, Librans, and Aquarian's should start new projects and finalise outstanding matters before February 20.

Sagittarians and Virgoans should complete important matters, too, but should avoid over-confidence. After February 19 they must live cautiously for some weeks.

Scorpians, Pisceans, Cancerians, and a few Capricornians and Taurians will find that their fortunes now improve considerably.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:-

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): You can turn Feb. 13 (to 4 p.m.) to very fair account in minor matters. Feb. 13, 14, and 15, poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Beware of indiscretions, impatience, and difficulties. Live quietly, especially on Feb. 13, 14, 15, and 16.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Speed up ambitious endeavors, seek promotions, changes, and gains. Feb. 12 (to 8 a.m.) excellent; then fair. Feb. 13 (to 4 p.m.) good; Feb. 14 (to dusk) fair, then good.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Good weeks soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile Feb. 12, 13 (to 11 a.m.), 14 (afternoon), and 15 (to 4 a.m.) fair. Feb. 17 (from sunset to after 9 p.m.) very good.

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 21): Beware of illness. Disappointments and opposition likely. Avoid quarrels, changes, and rashness, especially on Feb. 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16.

VIRGO (Aug. 21 to Sept. 21): Speed up semi-important matters on Feb. 17 (except early evening) or 18 (best before 8 a.m.). Forecaster live quietly.

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Keep busy. Best changes, gains, and promotions. Unlike Feb. 12 (before 8 a.m.), 13 (to 4

"I'M OUT!"

By GUY SAUNDERS

AT last I've been demobilised. To civvy street acclimatised. As a soldier, I have ceased. Well, anyrate, at least... I've laid aside my uniforms. And boots that used to blister. I've signed, I'm sure, a hundred forms.

And been addressed as "Mister." I've done vocational guidance test.

And made out applications. For jobs that seem the likeliest. To serve my aspirations. With hat so new, and coat so new.

And shirt and tie of varied hue. I'm not exactly self-possessed. I feel, in fact, quite over-dressed.

But I'm finished with the Air Force; finished with the war. I'm finished with the Army and regimental law.

I'm finished with the Navy, and boats that rock about. I feel like climbing high, to shout.

"I'm out!"

p.m.), 17 (noon to dusk and after 9 p.m.), 18 (before 8 a.m.), and 19 (evening best).

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Live cautiously; misunderstandings, worry, and queer changes possible, especially on Feb. 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16. Times improve after Feb. 17.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): A confusing week. Feb. 12 (to noon), 14 (forenoon and evening), 16 (after dusk), 17, and 18 all tricky. Feb. 15 (to 4 p.m.) and 16 (from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m.) helpful.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Feb. 12 (from noon to 7 p.m. and after 10 p.m.) and 13 (to 8 a.m.) can be mildly helpful. Feb. 12, 13, 14, and 18 poor.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 16): Deal with important matters and make changes before Feb. 12. Feb. 13 (to 9 a.m.) excellent. Feb. 17 (noon to 5 p.m. or after 9 p.m.) very good. Feb. 18 (to 8 a.m.) good. Feb. 19 good.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Good weeks coming, but meanwhile the days will be tricky. Feb. 13 (to noon) poor. Feb. 14, 17, and 18 can be confusing.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 25-40.
SUGAR: 19 and 20.
BUTTER: 28 to 30 (till March 10).
MEAT: Mince, 64 to 67; red and brown, 73 and 75 (expires March 10).
CLOTHING: 71-66, 257-112.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are on a journey across the Sahara Desert, when they see two Arabs, on camels, pursuing **BETTY GRAY:** Whose camel is shot by one of the Arabs, and throws her as he falls. The two rascals flee after Mandrake and Lothar deal with them. Then Betty tells her story.

She says the Arabs had been bribed by her cousins **AUGUSTA:** Who is the ringleader, and **KARL:** And **PETER:** Who are all interested in finding clues which will lead to the fortune left by their uncle, who made an unusual will. Betty is alone against her cousins. **NOW READ ON:**





Along came Miss Muffet
And brightened them all the day —

MISS MUFFET

JUNKET CRYSTALS

ANOTHER PARSONS QUALITY PRODUCT

WARWICK

Such Sweet Perfection

Continued from page 3

AFTER breakfast Mr. Parron remarked in some surprise, "It just strikes me that the dogs have been invisible this morning. What did you do with them?"

"They have a yard out by the garage," said Triffie, "a large, comfortable yard. They like it there. And they'll be easy to get hold of when Irene and Bob bath them presently."

"What are you and I going to do while the dogs get bathed?"

"We're going for our swim. I don't see why we should wait back because Bob neglected to bath the dogs earlier." She gave him a genial, impish grin which transformed her from a composed, aloof young woman into a scheming, naughty child. It was, definitely, an endearing grin.

"You think of everything!" said Mr. Parron, grinning back.

"Somebody's got to. I mean to enjoy this week-end."

"But all this cooking you do—"

"Oh, that! I like that, rather. Especially when people appreciate it."

"I appreciate it," said Mr. Parron, "because I like good food."

"Yes, you do. So do I. And we both know good food when we get it, too. Bob and Irene, frankly, do not."

A little later they were strolling down the quiet road toward the beach. Mr. Parron was conscious that his legs looked white and that Triffie's were brown, slim, straight, and beautiful. And even in clogs her feet looked small. But it was a pleasure to look at her anywhere, he thought. He thought, too, with an inward chuckle, of how they had left Irene and Bob washing the struggling, reluctant dogs.

"They'll certainly smell better," he said aloud. "Don't think that I dislike animals, but those dogs were high."

"People shouldn't neglect their pets," said Triffie. "It's not fair..."

Mr. Parron had always been well pleased with his own swimming, but Triffie kept alongside him with no apparent effort. "I'd like it a little rougher," she said when they came out after the first dip. "It's like swimming in a pond to-day." She added amiably, "If you don't mind my saying so, you'd get along easier if you didn't hold your head quite so high. It's a lot less tiring."

"I'm not tired," said Mr. Parron. "But perhaps you're right." And when they went in again, he found that she was right.

The rest of the week-end was for Mr. Parron a too short revel in delightful sensations. The dogs were clean and quiet; every meal was a poem; Irene and Bob seemed more civilized, less ridiculous.

Late on Sunday afternoon they went down to the beach for the third swim of the day, and when they returned, it was time for Triffie and Mr. Parron to pack and he down to the eight-o'clock train.

"I have never," said Mr. Parron, shaking hands fervently with Bob, "enjoyed a week-end so much! It has been magnificent!"

"Of course," he told Triffie when they were on the train, "it was owing to you. You made the situation. Now, when we get into town, won't you come and have a bite with me before you go home? Please!"

But no, Triffie said she wasn't going to eat any more that day, for she felt she had put on a couple of pounds, and that wouldn't do.

"But you'll dine with me your first free night, won't you?" begged Mr. Parron.

He felt quite fussed making this plea, but Triffie received it with her usual impersonal agreeableness. She'd love to have dinner with him, she said, and she'd be free on Friday night if he was. Mr. Parron had an appointment for Friday, but he promised himself to break it the first thing in the morning. Friday would be exactly right, he said, and he parted from her with gratitude and regret.

And something more than gratitude and regret—expectancy. In the days between Sunday and Friday he thought of Triffie with growing interest, a deeper excitement. It seemed to him that to marry Triffie List would bring him not only rare happiness, but contentment as well. He counted her attributes: beauty, dignity, grace, reasonableness, intelligence, good

taste, good sense, humor—all in all, such sweet perfection as he had never hoped to find.

The more he thought of her handling of the Chusell week-end, the more enchanted he became with her. When Friday night came he was as nervous as a schoolboy in his first dinner jacket—which was far from being Mr. Parron's normal state when he took a girl out to dinner. When he reached Triffie's door he was quite jittery.

The moment he saw her his dither was gone. There she was, looking very beautiful indeed in a little black frock with a pink rose on her shoulder, and another on her hat. He glanced about and saw a small, uncluttered living-room with books and comfortable chairs, and a cabinet of records. He met her room-mate, Charlotte Kendall, and fitted two adjectives to her—sophisticated and respectable.

Charlotte waved them off gaily. "I hope you're going to the Phoenix," she said. "It's so good."

"The Phoenix?" asked Mr. Parron, when they were outside the door. "I had rather thought of Alfieri's. I don't know the Phoenix. Is it new?"

"Yes, it is. I think you'd like it," said Triffie, and gave the street and number.

Mr. Parron was sorry to pass up Alfieri's, where he was well known and much favored, but he was curious to see a place which Triffie said he would like, and he wanted to see how she estimated his taste.

And, really, the Phoenix was something. Small, but not too small; well appointed, but not overdone; lighted so that diners could see what they were eating, but not too bright; he knew, the minute he set foot in it, that this was a good place, and when he saw the menu and the wine card he was even more certain.

Their talk ran along easily, and on all topics they discovered themselves. In the main, agreed, with just enough rough edges of difference to make discussion lively.

When they had finished dinner, it was well after nine. "I was going to suggest a show," said Mr. Parron. "There's a man at my club who can always get tickets, but we'd miss the first act of anything that..."

"Let's go to the Newswheel," said Triffie. "I love it, and I haven't been for ages."

"If you'll promise to go to a show the next time," said Mr. Parron.

When they parted, he took up this matter of next time, and they finally fixed on the next day week end, that being a Saturday. Mr. Parron suggested they do an art show or two late in the afternoon, have a fairly early dinner, and not hurry, then go to a show.

"It's a wonderful programme," said Triffie, "but if it's a nice afternoon, how about going to the Zoo? I mean, when one can be outdoors, it seems a pity to mouse about art shows. Maybe you don't care for the Zoo, though."

Mr. Parron expressed a mad passion for polar bears and elephants, so the Zoo was selected, weather permitting. All the week before the excursion Mr. Parron was again expectant and excited. The weather smiled on them and they had a fine, foolish time at the Zoo, made silly jokes and laughed a good bit. They didn't go to Alfieri's to dinner because Triffie had another restaurant to suggest, an Italian place where the chicken-pie wore an oddly sweet and spicy crust.

As they sat together in the theatre afterward, Mr. Parron kept looking at Triffie instead of the stage and thinking, with amazement, how lucky he was to have met her. She would be, in every way, the ideal wife.

After he had taken her out several times, she invited him to dine at her flat with Charlotte present.

She gave him a distinguished little dinner, and Charlotte proved to be a lively third party, though there was sometimes a gleam in her eyes that made Mr. Parron feel his every thought was open to her reading and that she found the personal highly diverting. Mr. Parron didn't mind. A little silent kidding hurts nobody. He gleamed back at Charlotte and liked it.

It was not so long after that dinner that he and Triffie chanced to meet in the street one afternoon. He saw her coming half a block away and his heart gave a bounce.

"Hi!" said Triffie. "Where are you off to?"

Mr. Parron said that he was on his way to his tailor to order a new suit, which he badly needed, and then he had to buy some shirts. He displayed a frayed cuff. "Why don't you come along?" he asked. "Then we could have tea somewhere."

To his delight, Triffie answered gaily, "Why not?"

Mr. Parron had gone to the same tailor for years, and the man knew his taste, which was for dark grey or brown. Several bolts were displayed, and Mr. Parron was just about to order when Triffie pointed to a dark blue herring-bone material on the shelf.



"Don't you think it would be a good idea to enrol parents? Every night I have to tell mine what I learned in school to-day."

"That would be awfully becoming to you," she said.

In almost no time at all, Mr. Parron was ordering the dark blue, and when Triffie offered the suggestion that he have it double-breasted instead of the single style he had always worn, Mr. Parron was amenable. Think of her taking such an interest. He almost purred when they came away and headed for the haberdashery.

He had definite ideas about shirts, favoring inconspicuous colors, and equally inconspicuous patterns. But as they turned the books of material, Triffie exclaimed over some rather sporty checks and pin stripes, as well as an odd solid blue which, she said, would be super with his new suit.

Mr. Parron took this leap from conservatism without a murmur.

Perhaps he had been wearing old-man things. He wasn't in his dotage yet, why dress it?

"Now where shall we have tea?" he asked, when they had finished shopping. "How about the Royale?"

"That would be lovely," said Triffie, "but there's a new orchestra at the Elysium that they say is tops. They dance there, too. It would be fun to do a spot of tea-dancing."

"We owe it to ourselves," said Mr. Parron at once.

His heart had bounced again. He had never danced with Triffie, and the prospect enchanted him. Many charming women had told him that he was a wonderful dancer — and he knew it was true — so he had no fear of being awkward with her. When he had ordered tea, he got up and held out his hand and they went off in absolute rhythm, smooth and light and harmonious.

Her step suited him; her head was close to his, he could, with one slight movement, have pressed his lips against the pink rim of her ear. The faint, fresh scent she used was to his breath, her slender roundness fitted the curve of his arm. He was in a surpassing empyrean rapture and could not speak.

Her voice, low and calm as always, reached him dimly through his soaring mood. She was saying, "If you go back with your right foot the least bit more quickly on the reverse..."

Oh, see! Now that's marvelous!"

Yes, it was better; he realised that. Thereafter he took care to reverse more smartly. It gave a lift. It was the extra touch. Yet, somehow it had broken the spell. "I haven't danced for a long time," he said. "I'm rusty."

"I haven't danced for a long time either," said Triffie. "I'm afraid I'm rusty too." But that didn't square it—quite.

Even later, when they had danced again and Triffie, over the tea, had declared that he was the best partner she'd ever had—even then Mr. Parron felt the deflation. It wasn't the criticism he minded, he kept assuring himself; it was that she obviously hadn't felt his own mood of ecstasy if, in such a moment, she could be analytic. Maybe he wasn't going to win her after all.

In the days that followed, however, Mr. Parron soon dismissed the gloomy thought. By Triffie's every word, her every act, he was definitely encouraged. There was a possessive understanding between them, and they were together more often. In fact, practically all their scant leisure time was spent in each other's company. Hostesses who had formerly counted on getting Mr. Parron crossed his name off their list of extra men. And Mr. Parron began to look into jewellers' windows with concentrated interest. Likewise Mr. Parron was looking into his financial status with the idea of establishing a home. He would do all right, he thought; there was no reason for holding back.

It was his birthday. By chance, that was also the day that Triffie was to get away for her annual holidays, and had invited him to see her off.

His sentimental spirit nudged him that this would be just the time to settle things with Triffie and get himself regularly engaged.

With this plan made, he bought a ring set with a solitaire ruby, red as a red rose petal, red as Triffie's lips. With the ring in his pocket and a box of white orchids, he arrived at her flat at about five, all ready for the big moment. He had another present for her, too, a fabulous alligator handbag which she had looked at wistfully in a shop window.

CHARLOTTE was not there, having gone to dinner with her family, and Triffie was leaving at seven.

"My packing is done," she said. "We can have a cup of tea and loaf till it's time to go to the train." Eagerly Mr. Parron pressed the two parcels into Triffie's hands, and Triffie picked up another parcel, which was lying on the table.

"My birthday gift to you," she said. "Let's open them all together; it'll be fun."

His hands shook as he untied the ribbon on Triffie's gift, for he could feel the ring box pressing against his breast. He finally got it open, and saw no less than eight neckties, all of fine material and very handsome, but entirely unlike any ties he had ever worn or ever would consider wearing. He thought of gamblers, of underworld chieftains, and lurid politicians.

Then he realised that he was wearing the cult Triffie had selected, and that he had never quite liked. He had an instant searing vista of life with Triffie, in which he would wear garments of her taste and not his; of a house which would be furnished to suit those theories of hers, of meals cooked by the same rule, of pleasures and diversions strictly and solely a la Triffie, and not a la Parron. He knew he couldn't take it.

Far away, he heard Triffie's sweet, delightful voice saying, "Oh, my dear, those orchids are divine! Really! Really, you shouldn't have! And that bag! It's much, much too gorgeous for me. I'll take it right back the moment I'm home from holidays, and get something that's really suitable. Nobody but a millionaire glamour girl could carry this. Oh, I do hope you like your ties!"

Mr. Parron heard himself saying that the ties were wonderful while he controlled an impulse to cry out in agony at their repulsiveness.

"And now," went on Triffie, "we'll have our tea and I'll get my hat on. I wish I weren't going away. I must wear the orchids; I'll simply put everybody's eye out when I get off the train!"

They had a very good tea, with cinnamon loaf, and Triffie took his cup from Mr. Parron's hand when he hadn't quite finished, because she must wash the dishes and leave the kitchenette in order. As Mr. Parron sat waiting for her, that unmatched cup became a symbol. Always, always Triffie would snatch away unfinished cups because they did not fit her theory of organisation. He remembered, when he had first met her at the Chusells, how enchanted he had been with the way she pushed Bob and Irene around.

Now, in retrospect, he saw how expertly, how magnificently she had pushed him around, too. And she was unconscious of it—there lay the horror! She did it by instinct.

I cannot live with a perfectionist, he thought. No, I cannot. This man who said perfection is no virtue was right. Perfection is a hideous, unbearable weight to the soul, a deadener of impulse, an assassin of love, ruthless, final. He was surprised that he didn't feel worse about it.

In the taxi, Triffie said, "Now don't overtip the man; you're always doing that," and accompanied it with an affectionate, merry glance.

Taking care that she did not see, Mr. Parron handed the man a note and said, "Keep the change."

At the train, Triffie leaned toward him meaningfully. "Thanks again. I'll let you know the moment I get back."

Mr. Parron leaned, too, and kissed Triffie full on the lips, his first and last kiss. "Good-bye, Triffie, good-bye," he said.

When he reached his flat he handed the box of ties to the doorman, a slippery type, whom he had always distrusted. "I hope you'll enjoy these," said Mr. Parron.

He understood, now, the sour gleam in Charlotte's eyes. In the privacy of his room he took out the ring box and looked long and feelingly at the ruby. He had spent a mighty bank roll for that ring. After a while, he closed the box and looked it away with his evening studs. It might—might—come in handy—some day.

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





CHECKING over the linen cupboard is one of the last jobs for Sister Annie Hadgett, who is retiring after 30 years as nurse and midwife in Cobargo, N.S.W.



TELEGRAM BOY Jim Taylor delivers congratulatory message to Sister Hadgett at her gate. Granddaughter Beverley looks on.



IN LAMPLIGHT. Sister Hadgett and her husband settle down to enjoy a slice of the cake presented to them for their fortieth wedding anniversary. There were 40 candles.



LORRY LOAD of mothers and children set off for their 26-mile journey home after the picnic. When the lorry was packed there wasn't room for another pram. Other visitors came in cars and sulkeys.



SMALL BOYS admire eight-year-old Stan Rankin's black pony. Stan, dressed in his best jodhpurs and shirt, rode five miles from home to picnic.

Unique picnic to honor

In 30 years a thousand babies have been born at her hospital

By BETTY NESBIT

A shy, pink-cheeked English girl, who came out to Australia 32 years ago and made her home among strangers in the little town of Cobargo on the south coast of New South Wales, was the guest of honor on Australia Day at the biggest party the town has ever had.

She is Sister Annie Hadgett, who for all those years has been a good friend, nurse, and midwife to the people of the district. She has brought more than 1000 children into the world.

THIRTY-TWO years of Australian sunshine haven't faded the color from Mrs. Hadgett's pink cheeks, but their smoothness is now wrinkled into friendly lines. Her brown eyes are bright and kindly, and she still wears her black hair pulled back into a neat old-fashioned bun. Nearly 68, she will retire from nursing at the end of the month.

The grateful parents and children of the district arranged a picnic and sports day as their way of saying "Thank you" for all her years of unselfish service.

When I arrived at the house in Cobargo, which has been her hospital as well as her home, I found Mrs. Hadgett, her husband Stephen, and their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Hadgett, getting ready for the picnic.

Mrs. Hadgett hadn't known any-

thing about it until a few days before.

"I just had time to get a new frock and hat. The hat's a bit silly," she confided. "Not like the usual plain ones I wear."

A further excitement was the fact that the day chosen for the picnic was also the fortieth wedding anniversary for Stephen and Annie Hadgett.

"I wasn't sure that it was the same date until I found my wedding lines," Mrs. Hadgett said, "but there was the date, January 28."

She showed me some of the telegrams which past and present residents of Cobargo had sent her.

Twenty-year-old Mary Welsh of Eden, one of Sister's "babies," sent one which read:

"Many thanks for your job of 20 years ago."

A special car arrived to take the Hadgett family to the showgrounds on the hill overlooking the town, and I drove off with the Rector's youthful wife, Mrs. F. J. Dau, who had organised the picnic.

She and her committee had collected £50 in donations, which was used for prize-money for the children's sports, free ice-cream and sweets.

Ten pounds went to pay for the services of the Bega District Band. The bandmen in their blue and red-braided uniforms played "Poet and Peasant," "La Paloma," and selections from "The Desert Song" under the shade of a wide green chestnut tree.

It was one of the rare occasions when the band has played in Cobargo, and many of the children had never before heard band music.

The band burst enthusiastically into "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow" when Sister's car drew up in front of the waiting people.

It was difficult to preserve any formality. Everyone knows Sister, and with a surge they came to greet her, the children flinging their arms round her.

"Gosh! Mind my hat!" she said, clutching at its brim.

Horses, cars, sulkeys, and lorries brought the people to the picnic.

Mr. J. Barker, of Narooma, 28 miles away, drove his lorry over with 15 adults, 30 children, lunch-baskets, prams, and go-carts packed into the back.

Eight-year-old Stan Rankin, one of Sister's "babies," rode on his black horse from his home five miles out of Cobargo.

Children in their best clothes and pink, white, or blue sunbonnets sat decorously under the trees with their parents, but it wasn't long before



"WE'D LIKE a piece of that cake," say Maureen (left) and Beryl Purnell. They were two of the children born at Sister Hadgett's hospital.



DISHES OVER and the washing-up begins. It is a pretty big job. Lending a hand with the dishes are (from left) Mesdames F. Cullen, F. Cole, N. Haigh, and D. Redman.

country nurse

...ness and party man-

...soon running round
...dusty, their faces
...and their hands dirty.

...day's treats for the
...the lorry load of water
...brought over by Mrs. Arthur
...her garden at Bega.

...children I noticed eating
...through large slices were
...and Doris Cole, 14-year-old
...the sister's "babies."

...of the 600 people present
...patients of Sister's.

...people, Mr. and Mrs. A.
...were born at the hos-
...and were their children,
...and Alan.

...Mrs. Clem Whiffen told
...they were two of Sister's
...Recently their baby
...John, was born at the
...hospital.

...Sister's biggest baby, Don
...and 19, and her small-
...-year-old Fred Gillespie,
...three.

...weighed 16lb." Sister
...told me, "and Fred
...only 12."

...of a large family, Mrs.
...and will be 87 in
...was among the picnicers.
...Sister has presided at the
...of her 38 grandchildren and
...grandchildren.

...the women of the district had
...to the luncheon hall early
...to bring to cut up 24 loaves
...sandwiches and set out
...of cups and saucers on
...the table.

Party candles

...too much trouble to
...Sister's party a success."
...told me, "I don't
...that the women in this town
...done without her."

...woman who came to the
...to bring a cake. To my city
...collection of home-made,
...cakes was very impres-

...of the places set for Mr.
...Sister was an enormous
...cake decorated with 40
...which they blew out with

...channel teapots were filled
...by Mrs. Sam Barrington,
...Jack Martin, and Mr. R.

...everyone stood under
...and watched the presenta-
...gold watch to Sister.

...presentation was shyly made
...Sister's wife, Mrs. George
...Wardella, whose nine chil-

dren have been born at Mrs. Had-

gett's hospital.

There were too many tears in Mrs.
Hadgett's voice for her to make a
reply, so her husband spoke for her.

Back at the Hadgett cottage in
the evening, sitting in the little
dining-room, Sister Hadgett told me
of her life.

She started her nursing career

early in life when she was left at
the age of 13, on her mother's death,
with five brothers and sisters to care
for. The youngest child was 14
months old.

Soon after she started training as

an obstetric nurse, but gave it up
when she married Stephen Had-
gett, a butcher in Staffordshire.

Then his health broke down in
the cold climate of the Midlands.

"The doctor told us to go to
Australia and live in the country
and then Stephen would get better.

So out we came, Stephen first and I
a year later," said Sister Hadgett.

"My husband got a job on a
farm at Orange as soon as he
arrived.

"Then, when I arrived in Sydney,
I was standing in the street and a
woman came up and spoke to me.

"She asked me if I was English,
and when I said yes, she said she
could get me a job on a sheep
station at Barmedman.

"I couldn't resist her
plea, and went over.

"I've been nursing ever
since.

"But I've finished now
and I'm going to have a
holiday. After that I'm
going to renovate the
house. I've been trying
to get the time to do it
for the last 15 years."

The sight of her com-
fortably plump figure id



SISTER HADGETT shows her presentation gold watch to four of her "babies," Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Salway and their children, Shirley and Alan.

"My husband agreed to this and
we spent a year as caretakers,
looking after the property while
the owners were visiting England.

"What I remember most about it
was I didn't see another woman for
12 weeks. That was a bit strange for
someone coming from a big town.

"We saved up enough money to
put a deposit on a farm at Cobargo,
and Steve went along to get it go-
ing.

"I took up nursing there quite
by accident. A woman living next
to our farm was going to have a
baby and my husband told her I
was an obstetric nurse.

"She wrote to me and begged me
to come to Cobargo, and help her
through her confinement, as there
was no doctor or hospital
in the district.

"I couldn't resist her
plea, and went over.

"I've been nursing ever
since.

"But I've finished now
and I'm going to have a
holiday. After that I'm
going to renovate the
house. I've been trying
to get the time to do it
for the last 15 years."

The sight of her com-
fortably plump figure id

stiffly starched white uniform and
veil has been a comforting one to
all mothers who have come into the
little hospital to await their con-
finement.

Mrs. Daul, whose three children
were born there, told me that Sister
is the most wonderful nurse.

"She takes away all the fears that
any woman has while waiting for
her child to be born," she said.

"I don't quite know what we'll
do without her, but she has prom-
ised that in cases of emergency she
will always take over."

Sister's modest fee for ten days
at the hospital is £7/10/-.

"And," said one mother, "if you're
a bit short of cash Sister would
never press you for the money."



A MUG OF WATER is welcomed by the thirsty kiddies who have been running in races arranged as part of programme at the picnic. Local resident Mr. Fred Cole hands it out. Pictures by staff photographer Yvonne Ellis.



THIS JOB needs a pair of strong lungs, but young Keith Woodward is doing his best to make beautiful music. Bandman George Cufe assists. Many of the children at the picnic at Cobargo heard a band "in the flesh" for the first time.

Men think wives can do no wrong

THERE is some speculation as to how men will react to women's hats, which are expected to be more unusual than ever before.

Some claim that the men will soon get used to them, though they may start back in horror at the first sight of the oddity.

A few people believe men secretly like queer hats. Others assert new hats will be accepted with the same meekness that accepted violet lipstick and lacquered finger-nails.

Man is seldom analytical of women's ensembles. He is either pleased or displeased with the general effect. If the former he sets his stamp of approval by marriage. Though thereafter he may be facetious about novel apparel, he subconsciously believes his wife's excellent taste is compatible with any fashion dictate, no matter how outrageous.

Other fellows' wives may favor the ludicrous and comical; but his? Never!

1/- to C. W. Fischer, Bank St., Alderley, Brisbane.

Spelling would suffer

IT is to be hoped our education authorities do not follow the bright idea of Betty Cooney (26/1/46), and try to teach shorthand in primary schools.

It might help the children's shorthand, but it would certainly ruin their spelling. Experienced shorthand writers find they have to watch their spelling, as they tend to write phonetically in shorthand as they do in shorthand.

5/- to Gwendolyn Holloway, 70 Victoria St., Sandringham, Vic.

What's on your mind?

Could they be clutterless?

I APPRECIATE B. A. Giles (26/1/46) as a man who wants pots and pans streamlined. Let us also have them, and crockery as well, made clutterless.

There is nothing so nerve-racking as the noise of pots and pans being handled, or two or three plates being dried together.

5/- to T. Jaeger, Smithtown, Tas.

Help surf clubs

MEMBERS of surf lifesaving clubs help to save many lives.

The expenses incurred by their activities are heavy, and I think the public should help to pay them by donating as much as we can toward upkeep of the clubs' equipment.

5/- to Mrs. J. Moffat, 84 Quay St., West Bundaberg, Qld.

Make it easier

MUCH valuable time is lost and tempers are frayed by women searching in their handbags to find money. Surely women could find into



the habit of carrying their money in a small skirt pocket.

In the matter of pockets dress-designers might co-operate.

5/- to J. K. Richards, Thornaby St., Fairfield West, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 8. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily represent the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Ramp instead of steps

THOSE three or four back steps in the average house should be abolished and a ramp put in their place.

Those steps put years on a woman's life. She has to go into the backyard hundreds of times in a week.

Also a ramp would be safer for children, who, instead of falling, would roll down, hurting themselves less.

5/- to A. I. Lymath, 140 Sydney Rd., Granville, N.S.W.

Stop that litter

LETTERBOX type of containers are placed at English train and bus exits and passengers alighting must place their tickets in these, or run the risk of being fined.

Now that Australian capitals are having a postwar tidy-up why not introduce this successful system here?

5/- to Miss F. Millar, c/o McKay's Bookshop, 15 Park St., Sydney.

Stamps are a worry

MANY wage-earners and country employers are worried about the large value of income tax stamps they have to keep in their homes, accumulated since July, 1944.

They fear loss through robbery, fire, or damage by children.

The income-tax authorities should allow tax stamps to be sent in with the income return each July. Any final adjustment in payment could be made later when the assessment is issued.

5/- to L. Snow, 131 Deakin Ave., Mildura, Vic.

Umbrellas a menace

THE way nine out of ten people carry their umbrellas under their arms so that the ferrule sticks out should be against the law.

Recently I narrowly avoided having a nasty poke in the eye when boarding a train.

Men generally hang their um-



brellas by the crook on their arm; but although women's have loops so that they can hang, their owners seem to prefer to be a menace.

5/- to Mrs. Margaret Marshall, 8 Wingrove Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

Place for children of sick mothers

HUNDREDS of military camp hospitals, fully staffed and with trained personnel and every facility, could be switched from Army to civilian control.

Here, at Ingleburn, there is a camp hospital capable of handling nearly 200 patients. It is only a few yards from the main road, is equipped with a fleet of ambulances, and has plenty of room for an aerodrome.

There is ample accommodation for children and plenty of room where a kindergarten with trained personnel could be installed.

There are camps with similar advantages all over Australia.

It would save mothers from worrying about who would look after the children while they are in hospital. Now the fathers stay home from work, lose their wages, get into debt.

5/- to Cpl. F. Aldridge, 16th Camp Hospital, Ingleburn, N.S.W.

Film star versus politics

YEARS ago women waged a successful fight for a place in politics.

To-day the lack of interest shown by young girls in affairs of State is appalling.

To them, apparently, Van Johnson is more important than the political moves of their country.

Could schools allot a larger part of their curriculum to the study of Australian and international political methods?

5/- to Ian Hunt, 2 St. Edmunds Grove, Glen Iris, Vic.

Continuing . . . Honor Bright

from page 4

"I—I don't want any, Con." "I'm boss. Going to take it, or shall I feed you?"

Wisdom coming to her from somewhere. Pretend, that was it. She tilted up the bottle, feeling the bite of the liquid against her tongue, with which she sealed the opening. Con thumped her suddenly between the shoulder blades; she gulped and strangled, and the stuff poured down her throat.

He whooped with mirth. "Tried to fool me." His mouth came down hard on hers before she could prevent it.

The Grass Shook . . . Jerry's Place. The Rendezvous . . . A sudden look in Con's handsome face now, and Jennifer was beginning to feel sick.

Then, in a long mirror which reflected the dancers in the crowded room beyond, she saw her mother—just a glimpse of a laughing face against a dark-clad shoulder. Jennifer's heart climbed into her throat; all at once she was weak, shaky. She slipped quickly from Con's side. She must get to her mother. The thought of facing her mervied her, but she must, she must.

She worked her way slowly through the press of people toward the dance floor. A big man with a strong cigar exhaled a reek of smoke almost in her face. It was the last straw. Jennifer turned away blindly, and stumbled toward the powder-room, where she was very sick.

Alison, dancing in Ted Wayburn's arms, missed a step, stiffened. He looked down. "What is it?" Color had left her face. "I—I saw someone. It looked like Jennifer. I'm almost sure."

"You're imagining it, in this dim light."

"No, I'm not. She was going that way—toward the door."

"Now, don't get excited."

"Ted, get me over to that phone! Oh, this crowd! Hurry!"

A moment later she faced him. "I've got to get home. Now. Ted, if she's seen me here—"

When Jennifer came from the powder-room there was no sign of her mother. The girl was too heart-

sick for more. Then she heard the commotion.

"I'll get out of here when I find my girl!"

And a man's voice, level, menacing. "You're on your way now, son." Jennifer would have turned back, but Con saw her. "Hey, there she is! There's my girl!"

The humiliation of their exit—Con's noisy bluster, the man's icy insistence. "The boy was in a sudden rage when they got to the car; he turned on Jennifer. 'Think I was scared of that bloke? There are lots of other places.'"

"Con, take me home, please. I want to go home."

"Oh, so now you want to go home? Well, I don't want to, see?" The car leaped from the kerb.

She was frightened as she had never been frightened in her life. She was crying now. He wouldn't listen; he must listen. "Con, I had to go! I was looking for someone! I had to find someone!"

"That's a good one. Well, we'll go on looking."

"It's too late now! It's no use! Please take me home! Please!"

He tried to pull her over against him as he drove, tried to kiss her. Anger, healthy and vital, stabbed through her fear. She hit him hard; the smack sounded above the rush of wind. She saw the set line of his jaw as he drew back. Then he laughed.

The figure crossing the highway loomed up only as they were upon him. Jennifer screamed. There was a slight jolt, the car lurched, righted itself, raced on.

A whisper, her words, "Con . . . you hit him. Con . . . stop . . ."

The paper carried the story, cold and deadly in black and white. Drunken youngsters joy-riding. Killing a pedestrian, running away. Chased fifteen miles before they were caught. Con Benton was in gaol. Jennifer Ramsey was at home. Brought home by two grave-faced policemen. Too frightened even to cry as she stared at her father and mother; too frightened even to be glad that her mother had got back in time.

"But, Jennifer, why?" It was the question she was asked a hundred times that day and the next, the question to which she must not give the right answer. Her heart was broken every time she faced her father.

"But why did you do it, Jinkie? I'll try to understand." His gentleness tearing her. "You've never been asked to forgo anything without a reason being given you. Yet—"

She thought there could be nothing left to give pain when he said, his hurt gaze searching her face, "Jinkie, you're giving me a heavy load to take back with me."

Her young voice was almost savage. "Oh, leave me alone, can't you? I did it. I'll never do it again, but I did it—and that's all."

Jim Ramsey was to leave at five, and Alison was helping him pack when the bell rang. "I'll go," she said, and hurried downstairs.

It was Kim, serious, sober-faced. He said, "Hello, Mrs. Ramsey. Do you suppose Jen—I mean is she home?"

"She's home, Kim; she's in the garden." Kim's presence here and its implication filled Alison with relief. If Kim would stand by Jennifer now.

The boy said, awkwardly: "I should have come before—only—only—well, I took a while to wake up. To see!"

"See what, Kim?" she asked gently. His gaze swung to hers. "Well, look, people don't just change like that." He was uncomfortable but dogged. "I was all mixed up at first, and then I started thinking. Jen is—well, Jen. So there'd have to be a reason, wouldn't there? She wouldn't just change."

"Kim, you're being wonderfully loyal."

"About time, too. I've acted rottenly for two days."

"Well, Jennifer's outside, Kim. She'll be glad to see you."

He didn't move. He said, getting the words out slowly. "You see, Benton wanted to take her out earlier that night; she'd told me. We—we laughed about it. And then, later, when—when we rowed because she suddenly wanted to go to the Tavern—I told her she'd better get Con Benton—"

HE faltered, fell silent, then went on. "I didn't think she'd do it, but she did. I should have known then there'd have to be a reason—because Jen's Jen. See what I mean?"

"Go on, Kim."

He swallowed. "Well, anyhow, I went to the Bentons; Con's out on bail."

"Yes?"

"Con said she'd been a frost, and then when he got wild with her for coming and being like that she said she'd had to come. She had to find somebody."

It had become so still in the hallway that Alison could hear the beat of her startled heart. She looked up, and Kim's eyes seemed no longer a boy's but a man's, direct, accusing. "Kim." No more words would come out.

He said relentlessly, "That was after I heard her talking to her dad on the phone." He said, "I think you'll know about . . . who it was she was looking for. But you won't get it out of her."

He went out then, leaving her standing there, sick. So all the time Jennifer had known about her and Ted Wayburn, and Alison felt as if she could never face her daughter again.

"But I did nothing really wrong," she half-whispered. And knew the words for a lie. She had done wrong—to Jennifer, to Jim, to Kim—to all of them to whom she represented something.

She turned away from seeing what was now so clear, reaching for an excuse. Jennifer was young; the world made excuse for the young. Jim would make excuses for her. In time, all of this would be forgotten. But for her, Alison, could he make excuse? She loved him, she wanted his love; never more than now. And then she knew that his love was somehow lost to her, no matter how she clung, if she failed Jennifer now.

She was frightened, terribly frightened, and she had to reach deep to find the courage that she needed. She had changed somehow as she turned at last and began to ascend the stairs. She looked old enough to be the mother of Jennifer.

(Copyright)

No rehabilitation problem for dogs of war



LOOKING AFTER SICK and homeless dogs is now the job of Mr. John Busst, formerly in the A.I.F., who trained dogs in Britain for war service.



SCENTING MINES is Rusty, Labrador retriever, working with his handler, former W.O. John Busst, who returned to Australia recently and is now manager of the Dogs' Home and Animal Hospital, Melbourne.



CASUALTY LOCATED by Toby, white Border Collie-Alsation cross, who licks the injured man's face before returning to report his find.

Australian who trained pets to fight still works with animals

By MARY COLES

Britain's war dogs, demobilised after years of faithful, courageous service, are back at their own firesides—some of them. Some will never come home again.

One of the men who helped to train these dogs, ex-A.I.F. W/O John Busst, returned to Australia recently.

HE said owners need have no fears about their pets' rehabilitation. Most of them would find their "returned-soldier" dogs much easier to control—particularly the high-spirited ones, who joined the Army with the reputation of having rather wilful dispositions.

"Army discipline is just as good for dogs as it is for their masters," explained Mr. Busst.

"But war dogs are real soldiers, and, like soldiers, they'll soon fall back into their bad old habits when they are demobbed."

Mr. Busst, recently discharged from the Army himself, is now devoting his time to sick and homeless dogs in his new job as manager of the Dogs' Home and Animal Hospital at North Melbourne.

After service with A.I.F. in Middle East and New Guinea, he was sent to England in 1944 by the Directorate of Military Training to

study British methods of training dogs for war.

Mr. Busst attributes Britain's tremendously successful use of war dogs to the natural good comradeship and affection which exists between most Englishmen and dogs.

"The English have a quiet way of talking to their dogs and making themselves understood," he explained.

"In war, man and dog must work as one unit, in absolute harmony and sympathy. English and Scotsmen, while never stinting affection when a dog did a good job, were equally firm and severe when his work was slipshod."

"I'll never forget the sight of a very short Scotsman hauling a Great Dane over the carpet for forgetfulness one Sunday night," said Mr. Busst, with a broad smile.

"With a double lead in hand threatening corporal punishment, and hurling a barrage of unrepeatable Gaelic oaths at the de-



WAR DOG TEAM resting on a country road in England with their handlers. Fifth from right is war-scarred hero of the team, a Welsh terrier, who was wounded by shrapnel in France.

jected Great Dane, the Scot with a final curse of exasperation said to him:

"Ye dinna mean t' tael na ye hev FURRTOTTEN everything he toold ye oonly last Tuesday!"

At the training centre at Potter's Bar, Hertfordshire, Mr. Busst met dogs of every description.

About 900 dogs answered the call to the colors while he was there. Eighty per cent. were returned to their owners as rejected volunteers.

They were unable to pass the rigid aptitude test.

Those who came through this temperament test without quivering an ear were enthusiastically enlisted into the British Army.

They joined up without pay, no leave prospects, but guarantee of good rations, and promise of return to former owners when hostilities ended.

Labrador retrievers and their crosses were selected for mine-detection work. Collies and relations took up Red Cross activities.

Alsations and their kindred spirits were drafted to patrol, sentry and guard work.

Average training period was four months; but some star cadets got their commissions in three weeks!

Between 16,000 and 20,000 dogs were trained for active service during war years in Britain.

Outside the service, there were Home Guard dogs who gained campaign ribbons for nosing out broken gas mains in the blitz.

"Soldiers who trained war dogs were known as 'handlers,'" said Mr. Busst.

"When training for mine-detection work dogs were first interested in land mines by finding meat on them. Later they had to fossick underneath the mines for the meat."

"As training progressed pieces of meat were reduced in size to nothing at all."

"By this time the dog was broken off the habit of finding meat and realised all he had to do was find the tin, and sit down beside it."

A generous reward of meat, a lot of doggy talk and patting would be forthcoming from his handler.

Red Cross dogs were trained to find casualties.

Airborne dogs

AS soon as a casualty was scented the dog would leap away from his handler, find the casualty, lick his face, bound back to the handler, sit, and then lead his master to the casualty.

Taking the air with paratroops in the invasion of Europe, Red Cross dogs not only always parachuted down in safety themselves, but were on the job the moment they landed, looking for casualties with airborne ambulance teams.

Casualty rate for night parachute landing was estimated at 5 per cent.

One black and white Border Collie made 16 successful drops with ambulance teams in the early days of the invasion, said Mr. Busst.

Guard and patrol-duty war dogs were the ones who really needed fun and relaxation during stand-down periods.

On duty, absolute silence was their watchword.

Patrolling perimeters and keeping guard with sentries for hours on end without making a sound, barely rippling a muscle, was their job. They could scent an intruder up to 400 yards away.

Australian girl's big UNO job

From our London office

Head of the typists and secretaries' pool at the UNO Conference is an Australian woman, Mrs. Stephanie Hobday.

Mrs. Hobday's salary without allowances and extras is £450 sterling a year. She is in charge of 25 secretaries and typists. Six are American girls who were flown from Washington at the beginning of the conference.

BEFORE her new appointment Mrs. Hobday was stationed in Paris as secretary to General Jacob Fickel, U.S. Army. She went to France with some of the first American occupying troops and on VE-Day travelled with General Fickel in his car in the Victory procession in Paris.

Before her marriage Mrs. Hobday was Miss Stephanie Wilson, daughter of a police inspector, the late Harry Wilson, of Braburn Hotel, Kirribilli.

She went to Port Street High, and left school with the ambition to become a commercial artist.

"But," said Mrs. Hobday, "Dad said to me, 'Young lady, you'll go to business college, and like it.'"

"I went to business college, but I didn't like it very much, and I was

very bad at shorthand and typing. I was so bad that after staying there two years I left without even passing out."

"Then I married an Englishman in 1937, and we left for England. When I got there I decided I'd like a job, but found that speedy shorthand and typing were essential if I wanted a good secretarial position."

"I took a job with an engineering firm and went to Pitman's London school at night. I bitterly regretted my laziness at the Sydney business college."

"At Pitman's I worked furiously, and in two years was secretary to the general manager of the engineering firm."

"After returning from Paris with the Americans, I found that General Fickel had recommended me for the UNO job. When I got it I was terribly excited and cabled mother at once. She cabled back, 'I don't believe it!'"

Every week Mrs. Hobday's mother sends her copies of The Australian Women's Weekly, which Mrs. Hobday passes round to her secretaries. Now most of them (their average age is 24) want to come to Australia as immigrants.

Mrs. Hobday's office is in Church House, and from the low lead-pannelled windows you can see Westminster Abbey and Central Hall, chief meeting place of UNO.

Next to the office is a dormitory where Mrs. Hobday and the girls often stay the night when they work late.

There is a cafeteria in the building, where meals are served to delegates and staff from 7 a.m. until midnight.

Chief duty for the girls in the pool is a secretarialship to one of the UNO delegates. They may also be used as verbatim reporters or assistants in the documentary production department.

Favorite delegate with the girls is Australian Paul Hasluck. They say he never wastes their time asking them to type unnecessarily long speeches, and he is always gracious and pleasant.

The girls use electric typewriters flown from Washington. Their average shorthand speed is 200 words a minute, their typing speed 80 words a minute.

There is another Australian in the pool, Miss Dorothy Round, of Sand-



MRS. STEPHANIE HOBDAY, head of the typists and secretaries' pool at the UNO conference.

ringham, Melbourne. Miss Round came to England for the Coronation and stayed ever since. She plans to go home as soon as she can get a passage.

Mrs. Hobday's husband was killed in the London blitz. She is to be married to an aeronautical engineer as soon as UNO Assembly is over. They want to go to Australia as soon as they are married, but shipping authorities say they will not be able to obtain passages for a year.

END IRREGULARITY

this safe, Natural way . . .

No harsh remedies—
Just a nut-sweet breakfast food!

HOME TRUTHS ABOUT HARSH LAXATIVES



HOW THEY ACT! Harsh remedies get their results by "shocking" your system into action. These unnatural methods frequently call for increased dosage from month to month. They tend to aggravate . . . never to ease your condition.



WHAT THEY DO! Doctors blame 75% of a serious type of illness in middle-aged people to the over-use of harsh remedies. Artificial stimulants are often too quick-acting: only half-relieve your trouble.



WHY THEY FAIL! The best that harsh remedies can promise you is temporary relief. They can't restore you to normal regularity, because they do nothing to correct the cause of your trouble—insufficient "bulk" in your diet.

Do you know where irregularity starts? It starts at your dining table.

Yes — 90% of to-day's irregularity is directly due to the foods we eat. These modern staples — meat, white bread, potatoes, milk, eggs, fish — they're all nourishing enough, but lack one vital element — "bulk". These foods are totally absorbed in the digestive process.

They leave no residue for the internal muscles to work on—so you become "irregular".

The safe, sure way to end irregularity is by getting "bulk" back into your diet. Kellogg's All-Bran, a nut-sweet breakfast food, provides all the "bulk" you need to get yourself back to healthy regularity.

*The toasted breakfast cereal
that relieves naturally!*



No more health-damaging, harsh remedies! Just eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast each morning. Serve it just like any other breakfast food, with milk and sugar. (And let the milk soak in). Kellogg's All-Bran is specially prepared to supply your system with concentrated "bulk". It forms a soft, absorbent

mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action. Enjoy Kellogg's All-Bran every morning and within a week, you will be safely back to healthy regularity.

REAL RELIEF AT LAST!
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
HAS GOT ME SAFELY REGULAR
IN ONE WEEK... NO MORE HARSH
REMEDIES FOR ME!



Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer right away!

AT THE KING'S EXPENSE

By PETER
TURLINGTON

IT was lovely at that hour of the morning. The jagged rocks thrown out of the sea stood deep red against the bluest canopy he had ever seen, and the sea itself—the Red Sea—was like turquoise.

What a day to fly from Aden to Karachi, and how extraordinary that he should be doing it, when you thought of who he was! What astonishment would have rippled through the office if they could have seen him in khaki shirts instead of white grocers' overalls.

He stood there, a puny little man against the dark hangars, watching the stark white control tower and listening to the four great engines getting lower and lower. This was something to tell Alice. Something was unfolding of which he had dreamed since boyhood. India, the land of fabulous history, of the Taj Mahal, of mystics, of elephants, of lions.

Alice—Alice in her kitchen—would understand. How often they had pored over an atlas and planned what it would be like to see strange sights and hear strange tongues. And now that he was really travelling, he thought wistfully of Alice.

"Selected for overseas," the signal had said, and Alice had been proud. She thought, bless her heart, that he had been specially picked out...

An Arab in a flowing kaffiyeh interrupted. He took P.O. Timpkins' luggage from him and weighed it. Fancy his old grey sweater bought four years ago being in that luggage! It would be carried at 12,000 feet over the Hadramaut, practically over all Arabia, over the Gulf of Oman, and then touch down in India.

He would send the sweater back to Alice. It would mean something to her, something really romantic.

The four engines had come to rest. The crew and travellers poured out. Great healthy young Americans with shiny white teeth.

"Say, what's this place?" said one of them.

"Arabia, buddy. But you won't see it. We leave in half an hour. Sharp." "Half" was pronounced like "haf," "sharp" like "shap," with the "a" a little longer.

"It's all the same to me," came a stung answer. "Gee, but I want some sleep."

George Timpkins drew timidly near them. Hesitantly he asked a major—one only one he could recognise as an officer: "Had a good flight?"

"Yeah," he answered. "Left U.S.A. last Thursday. Seen Africa and now Arabia, to-day India and then—"

The major looked searchingly at P.O. Timpkins, a catering officer of the R.A.F. "But that's secret, I guess. You coming with us?"

"As far as India only," George Timpkins laughed. It was absurdly funny to be talking of continents like that. Before the war a journey to London had been an event. The major looked at him coldly.

A bell rang. "No time to breathe," remarked a nineteen-year-old giant, giving his leather belt a vicious haul round a non-existent waist.

They piled into the great monster.

"Fasten your straps," yelled someone.

The entrance ladder was hauled up, a door slammed, they wheeled into wind. Clouds of sand were hurled behind them, and George Timpkins began, as he thought, the last lap of his great journey.

He looked eagerly out of the little window. Arabia tilted about like a windmill. The salt pans of Aden flashed past before you knew it. The barren black mountains of the coast flowing northwards rose up one by one and disappeared. No one minded. The Indian Ocean—buckets of endless blue lapping lazily at the endless coast—stretched to infinity below them.

P.O. Timpkins registered everything in his mind. Sand and rock and pitiless sun; no vegetation; wadis without water.

Most of the Americans slept soundly. One or two chewed steadily as they read. No one talked. They dozed steadily on for hours.

They touched down to refuel somewhere. A lonely landing-field, where the men managing it had



Fascinated,
George stood
watching the
strange
musicians.

nothing to do but wait. Wait for aircraft carrying people who were doing things, and which would hurry away again after being refuelled.

"Any mail?" they asked. And getting some, these lonely men slunk like pariah dogs into corners.

When the aircraft left that strange landing-ground, manned by men from green Welsh valleys perhaps, or white peaks in Canada, or sunburnt plains in Australia, P.O. Timpkins remembered a remark. It had been made by a broad hulking fellow with the physique of a commando:

"Nothing to do," he had said, "that's what makes me wild. I wouldn't mind if there was a real job to do. What will I tell my kiddy when he asks what Daddy did in the war?"

Quick tricks the war plays with fancies, thought P.O. Timpkins. How could aircraft get to India, for example, if these men had not been there? They had key jobs. If only he could say as much about his own. Thank goodness no one knew what he was going to India for.

Night floated down some hours later. A discussion started about time—Greenwich time—Middle East time—India time—real time. But they were over the Gulf of Oman, and P.O. Timpkins was poised above it all and it didn't seem to matter much.

"Fix your straps," said the second pilot. "We're coming in."

"Where to?" asked the tall, young, waistless American.

"Karachi, you poor sap. What you think we been doing the last ten days but try to get there?"

Once more they bundled out.

An Indian official felt their pulses and made inquiries about their

health. Any malaria, dysentery, or smallpox? Vaccinated against this and that? A cup of hot cocoa and P.O. Timpkins fell asleep in a tent. He slept till ten next morning. Ten o'clock, that is, by the hands of his watch.

It was a glorious sunny day, that first day he spent in India.

There was no transport at the airfield to take him into town, so he played billiards. Then he ate a substantial lunch. Looking at the map he realised that he was nearly 7000 miles away from home; and later, when he was walking in the streets of Karachi, he felt very far away indeed.

LITTLE strings pulled at his heart. Alice sitting up the curtains, dressed in a blue cotton print; Alice in the kitchen making the primus work; Alice knitting at babies' socks; Alice helping him to choose that grey sweater of his, which had been half round the world. He passed right under the minarets, of one of the largest mosques in India and never realised it.

He pulled himself together when he came to a club. It had a large notice: "All Officers—British and Allied—welcome." Up the stairs he trotted and peered cautiously round the door. Not a soul he knew. But there were deep armchairs and a bearer to bring him tea.

He sat outside on the balcony and watched the passers-by. Anglo-Indians on bicycles; gharries with veiled women inside; donkeys, and sometimes a camel or two. Strangest of all, and something which caught his fancy, was a group of itinerant

musicians, a ragged band of three with the queerest instruments.

One, not quite a primitive violin nor yet quite like a mandolin, scratched out something that was gay enough, and the dirty, ragged paupers who had come from the Himalayas danced and clapped their hands. He had thrown out half a rupee and stood watching them, fascinated, when a hand was clapped on his back.

"Tommy," he cried. "Good gracious! What an extraordinary thing."

Tommy wheeled an armchair forward. They had once been boys at school, and questions flew fast.

"Let's dine together and afterwards go to a flick," Tommy suggested.

"I would rather talk," said George Timpkins, "and hear your tales of India."

"Forget it, chum," answered Tommy, ordering another drink. "Nothing to do here. India's a terrible hole."

But they talked and talked. The war situation. England had changed. Food was tight—clothes a problem. Then they began to talk of things that really mattered. England in the spring—delicate primroses would be hard at work pushing their way through the earth; bluebells were almost due; pale yellow buds would be on the hedges.

"Our hens have begun to lay," said

places the animals came from were labelled in white letters at the foot of iron bars. Bengal, Kashmir, the Central Provinces.

Timidly he asked questions, but Tommy was not to be drawn. "Terrible hole, India," said Tommy. "It's time we had a drink."

They went back to the club. They had several drinks. They ended by going to the pictures.

Next morning the telephone rang. "P.O. Timpkins."

"Speaking."

"Wing-Commander Brunton here."

"Yes, sir."

"Your posting's come through. Somewhere at our base in China. Come over and I'll tell you more."

Somewhere in China? thought the little caterer dressed as a pilot-officer. China? The land of mandarins and palaces and the wisdom of the world. Would China be wonderful and mysterious?

He rose and went into the outer office. There was the map, China! He studied it a moment, and slowly it dawned on him how much farther than 7000 miles away it was. A lump rose in his throat.

Why should he be sent to these awful places? It was not as if he were doing anything really useful. Working out the ration of margarine per head, per week. An old man could do it. He looked at the map again. China was a terrible distance away. He sighed and sought the wing-commander.

That evening he packed, then picking up a pen he bit it. How should he begin? What would Alice be most interested to hear? And so he fell to thinking of Alice.

It was Friday. To-day Alice would have gone by the Green Line bus to fetch the fish. To-morrow she would turn out the nursery. On Sunday she would take Peter for a walk down by the little muddy stream. In the afternoon she would dig in the back garden.

What could he tell her about travel round the world, when she was so busy in their little house?

Suddenly he did not feel like a traveller or a commando, and picking up his pen he wrote:

"Darling Alice,—

"The primroses must be out at Thurwood Green and I can almost hear the stream by Mr. Humber's farm tumbling over the pebbles. When the war is over I never want to spend a night away from home. I think so often of the time we spent last August in Cornwall, and of Peter learning to walk."

"Will you pack and post my briar pipe? You will find it behind my tobacco-jar on the left-hand side of the mantelpiece. It's the one with the silver band which Mother gave me on my birthday. I'm glad the hens are laying. The sunflowers will make good food."

"About Napoleon—if he gets dithering, go at once to the vet. I should go to Mr. Higgins at Thatchers. Before I left, Mr. Carpenter told me that he is far and away the best man for dogs."

His pen flew on and on, and then he realised he had told Alice nothing new. For a long time he looked at the last six lines on the last page of his letter. He hit the pen again and then he wrote:

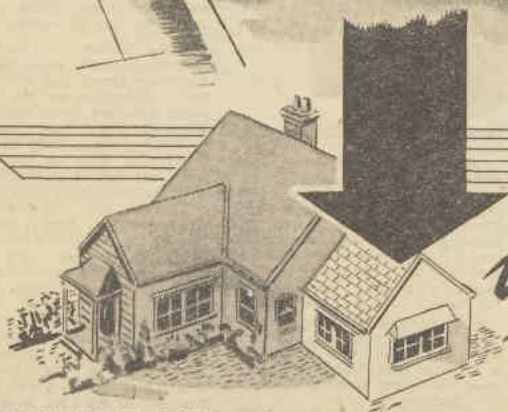
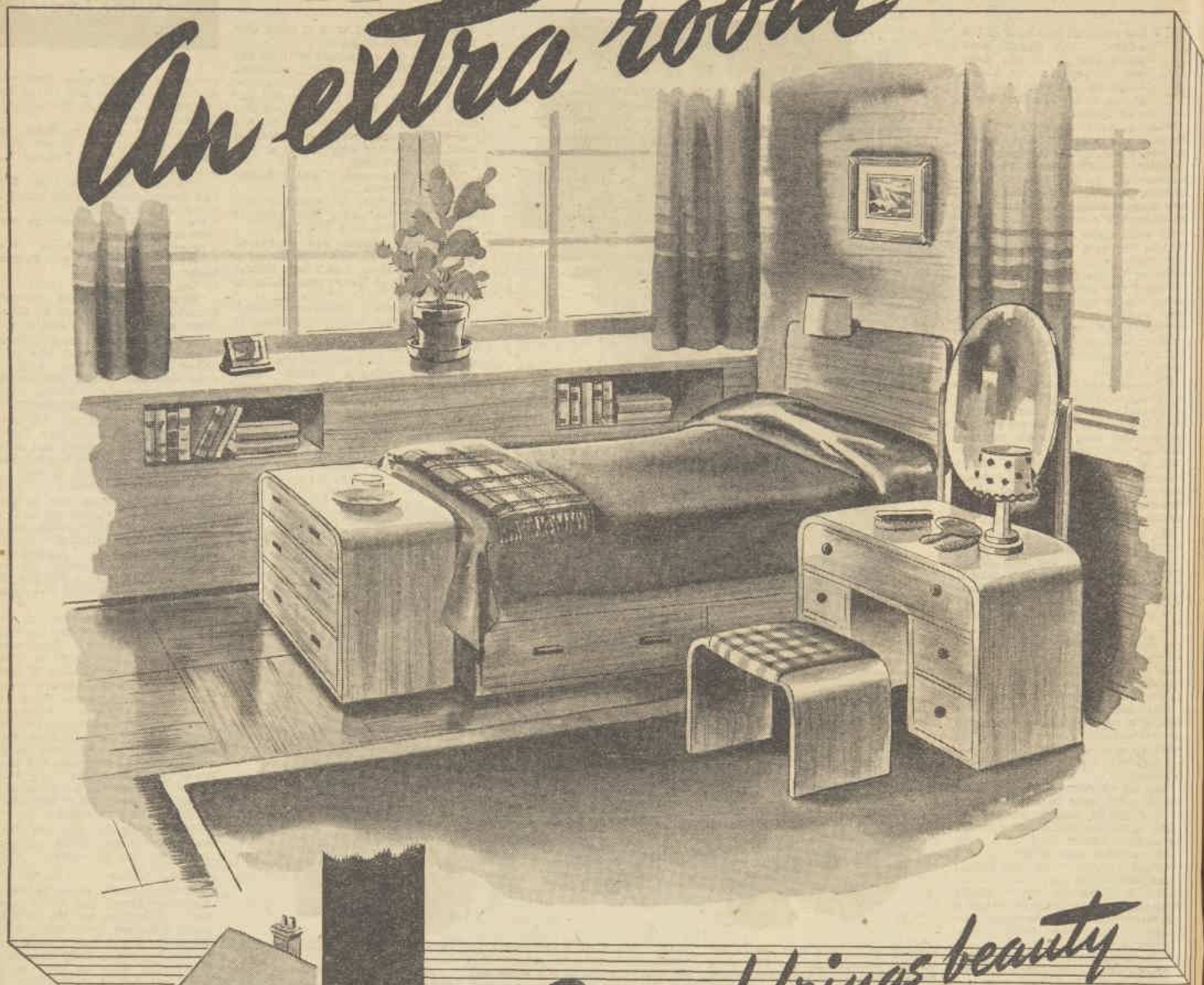
"My journey has been uneventful—such items as may be of interest I will keep till I come back. I am somewhere in India on my way to China. I'm glad I'm not staying in India. It's a terrible hole. All my love, George."

Slowly he sealed the envelope. China! Never in his wildest dreams had he thought he would get there. China at His Majesty's expense! A clock struck the hour. It was nine o'clock. Alice would be looking up. Napoleon would have had his last walk in the garden.

George Timpkins leked a stamp, put out the light, and lay dreaming of the past. Jackals outside were baying at the moon, but he had not heard them when he fell asleep.

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Continuing . . . One Year Later

from page 5

Anthony paused, as though allowing the other two men time to weigh his words. He finally resumed: "After he drank, nobody put anything in his glass. Nobody touched his glass; nevertheless, next time he drank it was full of cyanide. He couldn't have been poisoned, but he was! There was cyanide in his glass, but nobody could have put it there! Are we getting on?"

"No," said Chief Inspector Kemp. "Yes," said Anthony. "The thing has now entered into the realm of a conjuring trick. Or a spirit manifestation. I will now outline my psychic theory. While we were dancing, the ghost of Rosemary hovers near George's glass and drops in some cleverly materialised cyanide—any spirit can make cyanide out of ectoplasm. George comes back and drinks her health and—good heavens!"

The two others stared curiously at him. His hands were holding his head. He rocked to and fro in apparent mental agony. He said, "That's it! That's it! The bag! The waiter!"

"The waiter?" Kemp was alert. Anthony shook his head. "No, no, I don't mean what you mean. I did think once that what we needed was a waiter who was not a waiter but a conjurer—a waiter who had been engaged the day before. Instead, we had a waiter who had always been a waiter, and a little waiter who was of the royal line of waiters, a cherubic waiter, a waiter above suspicion. And he's still above suspicion, but he played his part! He played a star part!"

He stared at them. "Don't you see it? A waiter could have poisoned the champagne, but the waiter didn't. Nobody touched George's glass, but George was poisoned. A, indefinite article. The definite article. George's glass! George! Two separate things, and the money—lots and lots and lots of money! And who knows—perhaps love as well? Don't look at me as though I'm mad. Come on, I'll show you."

Thrusting his chair back, he sprang to his feet and caught Kemp by the arm. "Come with me."

Kemp cast a regretful glance at his half-full cup. "Got to pay," he muttered.

"No, no, we'll be back in a moment. Come on. I must show you outside . . . Come on, Race." Pushing the table aside, he swept them away with him to the vestibule. "You see that telephone box there?"

"Yes." Anthony felt in his pockets. "Confound it, I haven't got twopenny. Never mind. On second thoughts, I'd rather not do it that way. Come back."

They went back into the cafe. Kemp first, Race following with Anthony's hand on his arm. Kemp had a frown on his face as he sat down and picked up his pipe. He blew down it carefully and began to operate on it with a hairpin which he brought out of his waistcoat pocket. Race was frowning at Anthony with a puzzled face. He leaned back and picked up his cup, draining the remaining fluid.

"Ugh!" he said violently. "It's got sugar in it!" He looked across the table to meet Anthony's slowly widening smile.

"Hullo," said Kemp, as he took a sip from his cup. "What's this?"

"Coffee," said Anthony. "And I don't think you'll like it. I didn't."

Anthony had the pleasure of seeing instant comprehension flash into the eyes of both his companions. His satisfaction was short-lived, for another thought struck him with the force of a physical blow.

He ejaculated, "That car!" He sprang up. "Pool that I was! Idiot! She told me that a car had nearly run her down, and I hardly listened. Come on, quick!"

Kemp said, "She said she was going straight home when she left the yard."

"Yes. Why didn't I go with her?" "Who's at the house?" asked Race. "Ruth Lessing was there, waiting for Mrs. Drake. It's possible that they're both discussing the funeral still."

"Discussing everything else as well, if I know Mrs. Drake," said Race. He added abruptly, "Has Iris Marie any other relations?"

"Not that I know of."

"I think I see the direction in

which your ideas are leading you. But is it physically possible?"

"I think so. Consider for yourself how much has been taken for granted on one person's word."

Kemp was paying the check. The three men hurried out as Kemp said, "You think the danger is acute? To Miss Marie?"

"Yes, I do." Anthony swore under his breath and hailed a taxi. The three men got in and the driver was told to go to Elvaeton Square as quickly as possible.

Kemp said slowly, "I've only got the general idea as yet. It washes the Farradars right out."

"Thank goodness for that. But surely there wouldn't be another attempt—so soon?"

"The sooner the better," said Race. "Before there's any chance of our minds running on the right track. Third time lucky—that will be the idea." He added, "Iris Marie told me, in front of Mrs. Drake, that she would marry you as soon as you wanted her to."

The taxi drew up with a terrific jerk in front of the house. Elvaeton Square had never looked more peaceful.

Anthony was on the top step, ringing the bell, while Race paid off the taxi and Kemp followed up the steps. The parlourmaid opened the door.

Anthony said sharply, "Has Miss Iris got back?"

Evans looked a little surprised. "Oh, yes, sir. She came in half an hour ago."

Anthony breathed a sigh of relief. "Where is she?"

"I expect she's in the drawing-room with Mrs. Drake."

Anthony nodded and took the stairs in easy strides. Race and Kemp close beside him. In the drawing-room, placed under its shaded electric lights, Lucilla Drake was hunting through the pigeonholes of a desk.

"Where's Iris?" demanded Anthony abruptly.

Lucilla turned and stared. "Iris? She—I beg your pardon!" She drew herself up. "May I ask who you are?"

Race came forward from behind him, and Lucilla's face cleared. She did not yet see Chief Inspector Kemp, who was the third to enter the room.

"Oh, dear, Colonel Race! How kind of you to come! But I do wish you could have been here a little earlier. I should have liked to consult you about the funeral arrangements . . . a man's advice, so valuable . . . and really, I was feeling so upset, as I said to Miss Lessing, that really I couldn't even think. And I must say that Miss Lessing was really very sympathetic, for once, and offered to do everything she could to take the burden off my shoulders."

Race took advantage of a momentary pause. "Where is Miss Marie?"

"Iris? She came in some time ago. She said she had a headache and was going straight up to her room. I said at once that it was quite all right, and Ruth—I called her Ruth, and not Miss Lessing—and I were managing splendidly, and she could leave everything to us."

Kemp asked, "Miss Lessing has gone?"

"Yes, we settled everything, and Miss Lessing left about ten minutes ago. She took the announcements for the papers with her. No flowers, under the circumstances, and Canon Westbury to take the service—"

As the flow went on, Anthony edged gently out of the door and lightly up the stairs. Hearing footsteps behind him, he turned his head and grinned at Chief Inspector Kemp.

"You deserted, too? Poor old Race!"

They were on the second floor and just preparing to start up the third when Anthony heard a light footstep descending. He pulled Kemp inside an adjacent bathroom door. The footsteps went on down the stairs. Anthony emerged and ran up the next flight of stairs. Iris Marie, he knew, was the small one at the back. He rapped lightly on the door.

"Hi, Iris." There was no reply,

and he knocked and called again. Then he tried the handle, but found the door locked. With real urgency now he beat upon it. "Iris! Iris!"

After a second or two, he stopped and glanced down. He was standing on one of those woolly, old-fashioned rugs made to fit outside doors to obviate draughts. This one was close up against the door. Anthony kicked it away. The space under the door at the bottom was quite wide; sometimes, he deduced, it had been cut to clear a fitted carpet instead of stained boards. He stooped to the keyhole, but could see nothing, but suddenly he raised his head and sniffed. Then he lay down flat and pressed his nose against the crack under the door.

Springing up he shouted, "Kemp!"

There was no sign of the chief inspector. Anthony shouted again. It was Colonel Race, however, who came rinning up the stairs.

Anthony gave him no chance to speak. He said, "Gas pouring out! We'll have to break the door down!"

Race had a powerful physique. He and Anthony made short shrift of the obstacle. With a splintering, cracking noise, the lock gave.

Iris Marie was lying by the gas-heater, her mouth and nose close by the wide-open gas jet.

A minute or two later, choking and spluttering, Race was gently lowering the unconscious girl to the



"We never had a bit of trouble with Rex—once he learned who was master."

landing floor in the draught of the passage window.

"I'll work on her! You get a doctor quickly!" he said to Anthony.

In the hall, Anthony dialled and spoke into the mouthpiece, hampered by a background of exclamations from Lucilla Drake.

He turned at last from the telephone to say with a sigh of relief, "Caught him. He lives just across the square. He'll be here in a couple of minutes."

"And now please, Tony, will you tell me all about it?"

Iris was lying on a sofa, and the brilliant November sunshine was making a brave show outside the windows of Little Priors. Colonel Race had just finished explaining Anthony's recent activities.

Anthony looked across at the colonel, who was sitting on the window-sill, and grinned engagingly.

"I don't mind admitting, Iris, that I've been waiting for this moment. If I don't explain to someone soon how clever I've been I shall burst. There will be no modesty in this recital. It will be a shameless blowing of my own trumpet, with suitable pauses to enable you to say, 'Anthony, how clever of you, or 'Tony, how wonderful,' or some phrase of a like nature. Ahem! The performance will now begin. Here we go."

"The thing as a whole looked simple enough. What I mean is

that it looked like a clear case of cause and effect. Rosemary's death, accepted at the time as suicide, was not suicide. George became suspicious, started investigating, was presumably getting near the truth, and, before he could unmask the murderer, was in his turn murdered. The sequence, if I may put it that way, seems perfectly clear."

"But almost at once we came across some apparent contradictions. Such as: A. George could not be poisoned. B. George was poisoned. And: A. Nobody touched George's glass. B. George's glass was tampered with. Actually, I was overlooking a very significant fact—the varied use of the possessive case."

"George's ear is George's ear indisputably, because it is attached to his head and cannot be removed without a surgical operation. But by George's watch, I mean the watch that George is wearing—whether it is his or one lent him by someone else. And when I come to George's glass or George's tea-cup, I begin to realise that I mean something very vague indeed. All I actually mean is the glass or cup out of which George has lately been drinking, and which has nothing to distinguish it from several other cups and glasses of the same pattern."

"To illustrate this, I tried an experiment. Race was drinking tea without sugar. Kemp was drinking tea with sugar, and I was drinking coffee. In appearance, the three fluids were of much the same color. We were sitting round a marble-topped table among several other round marble-topped tables. On the pretext of an urgent brain wave, I urged the others out of their seats and out into the vestibule, pushing the chairs aside as we went, and also managing to move Kemp's pipe, which was lying by his plate, to a similar position by my plate, but without letting him see me do it."

"As soon as we were outside I made an excuse, and we returned, Kemp slightly ahead. He pulled the chair to the table and sat down opposite the plate that was marked by the pipe he had left behind him. Race sat on his right, as before, and I on his left, but mark what had happened—a new A and B contradiction! A. Kemp's cup has sugar and tea in it. B. Kemp's cup has coffee in it. Two conflicting statements that cannot both be true. But they are both true. The misleading term is Kemp's cup. Kemp's cup when he left the table and Kemp's cup when he returned to the table are not the same."

"And this, Iris, is what happened at the Luxembourg that night."

"After the cabaret, when you all went to dance, you dropped your bag. A waiter picked it up—not the waiter, the waiter attending on that table who knew just where you had been sitting, but a waiter, an anxious, hurried little waiter with everybody bullying him, running along with a sauce, and who quickly stooped, picked up the bag and placed it by a plate—actually by the plate one place to the left of where you had been sitting."

"You and George came back first, and you went without a thought straight to the place marked by your bag, just as Kemp did to the place marked by his pipe. George sat down in what he thought to be his place on your right. And when he proposed his toast in memory of Rosemary, he drank from what he thought was his glass, but was in reality your glass—the glass that can quite easily have been poisoned without needing a conjuring trick to explain it, because the only person who did not drink after the cabaret was necessarily the person whose health was being drunk!"

"Now go over the whole business again and the set-up is entirely different. You are the intended victim, not George! So it looks, doesn't it, as though George is being used? What, if things had not gone wrong, would have been the story as the world would see it? A repetition of the party a year ago, and a repetition of suicide! Clearly, people would say, a suicidal streak in that family. Bit of paper which has contained cyanide found in your bag. Clear case! Poor girl has been brooding over her sister's death. Very sad, but these rich girls are sometimes very neurotic!"

Iris gave a convulsive gasp. "But, Tony, why should anyone want to kill me? Why?"

"All that lovely money, angel! Money, money, money! Rosemary's money went to you on her death. Now suppose you were to die unmarried. What would happen to that money? The answer is it would go to your next of kin—to your aunt, Lucilla Drake. Now, from all accounts of the dear lady, I could hardly see Lucilla Drake as first murderer. But is there anyone else who would benefit? Yes, indeed, Victor Drake. If Lucilla has money it will be exactly the same as Victor having it."

"Victor will see to that! He has always been able to do what he likes with his mother. And there is nothing difficult about seeing Victor as first murderer. All along, from the very start of the case, there have been references to Victor, mention of Victor. He has been there in the offing, a shadowy, unsubstantial, evil figure."

"But Victor's been in South America for over a year."

"Has he? We're coming now to what has been said to be the fundamental plot of every story. Boy meets girl. When Victor met Ruth Lessing, this particular story started, I think she must have fallen for him pretty badly."

"Think a minute and you'll realise that all the evidence for Victor's being in South America depends on Ruth's word. None of it was verified because it was never a main issue. Ruth said that she had seen Victor off on the San Cristobal before Rosemary's death! It was Ruth who suggested putting a call through to Rio on the day of George's death, and later sacked the telephone girl, who might have inadvertently let out that she did no such thing."

"Of course, it's been easy to check up now! Victor Drake arrived in Rio by a boat leaving England the day after Rosemary's death. Ogilvie, in Rio, had no telephone conversation with Ruth on the subject of Victor Drake on the day of George's death. And Victor Drake left Rio for London by way of New York some weeks ago. Easy enough for him to arrange for a cable to be sent off in his name on a certain day—one of those well-known cables asking for money that seemed proof positive that he was many thousands of miles away. Instead of which—"

"Yes, Anthony?"

"Instead of which," said Anthony, leading up to his climax with intense pleasure, "he was sitting at the next table to ours at the Luxembourg with a not-so-dumb blonde!"

"Not that awful-looking man?"

"A yellow, blotchy complexion and bloodshot eyes are easy things to assume, and they make a lot of difference to a man. Actually, of our party, I was the only person—apart from Ruth Lessing—who had ever seen Victor Drake, and I had never known him under that name! In any case, I was sitting with my back to him."

"I did think I recognised, in the cocktail lounge outside, as we came in, a man I had known in my prime days as Monkey Gorman. But as I was now leading a highly respectable life, I was not too anxious that he should recognise me. I never for one moment suspected that Monkey Gorman had had anything to do with the crime, much less that he and Victor Drake were one and the same."

"But I don't see now how he managed to do it."

Colonel Race took up the tale. "In the easiest way in the world. During the cabaret, he went out to telephone, passing our table. Drake had been an actor, and he had been something more important—a waiter. He knew a waiter's technique."

"A clumsy action or movement would have drawn your attention to him, but as a bona fide waiter, none of you noticed or saw him. You were looking at the cabaret, not noticing that portion of the restaurant's furnishings—the waiter!"

Iris said in a hesitating voice, "And Ruth?"

Anthony said, "It was Ruth, of course, who put the cyanide paper in your bag—probably in the cloak-room at the beginning of the evening. The same technique she had adopted a year ago with Rosemary."

Please turn to page 28

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 686

Gay embroidered frock

Design for this smart little frock is traced clearly on an excellent crease-resisting spun in shades of sky-blue, dawn-pink, string-beige, forest-green, and white, and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together.

Style shows an unusual neckline with embroidery motif ready for working, straight, square shoulders, and brief sleeves, with embroidery also featured. Skirt falls from belted waistline, has centre front fullness, and is finished with pocket effects on which is traced more embroidery work. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/6 (8 coupons); 36, 38 and 40in. bust, 39/11 (8 coupons). Postage, 1/93 extra.

686



No. 687

A sweet frock for your small girl With the pattern traced clearly on a British cotton cambric in shades of lemon, green, pink and blue, this little frock is ready for you to cut out and make up.

The dainty little style features a shaped yoke, brief puffed sleeves, gathered centre-front skirt, and embroidery motifs for working. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 9/11 (5 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 19/8 (5 coupons). Postage, 3/4d. extra.

687



FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"SUNNY"

Unusual little sunsuit suitable for boy or girl.

This practical little garment, designed for either boy or girl, is fashioned in a good-wearing British cotton in shades of lemon, green, natural, sage-blue, and navy-blue. Sunsuit features a plain bodice front, criss-cross straps at back, brief tailored trousers, and a front and back hip-pocket.

Ready to wear only: Sizes 18in., 8/8 (4 coupons); 20in., 7/3 (4 coupons); 22in., 7/11 (4 coupons). Postage, 4/4d. extra.

"HAPPY"

Trouser Overalls for your little boy or girl.

A garment most essential for your child's play hours, these trouser overalls come to you in tough wearing British cotton in shades of green, navy-blue, grey, natural, lemon, and blue (high seas).

Style is quite tailored with strapped shoulders, plain, high bib front, and roomy trousers with pocket at front.

Ready to wear only: Size 24in., 5/11 (4 coupons); 36in., 6/9 (4 coupons); 27in., 7/3 (4 coupons). Postage 4/4d. extra.



F4179



F4175

Fashion PATTERNS

F4175.—Attractive frock for late summer. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4176.—A sweet cotton dance frock for dates that matter. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4177.—Exclusive cotton model for smart day wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4178.—Smart frock in floral for everyday wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4179.—Trim little two-piece swimsuit with scalloped edges. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. wide, with 1 yd. of 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/8.

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F4176



F4177

F4178



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Lovely underwear set. Size, 22, 24, and 36in. bust.

No. 1. Requires 1 yd. No. 2. Requires 2 1/2 yds. No. 3. Requires 1 yd. 36in. wide. 36in. wide. 36in. wide.

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Exactly the same article . . . Which price will you pay?

THE first step towards a speedy return to more normal conditions and a high level of prosperity is for all to keep spending in check — to buy not what we *want*, but what we *need*.

This is necessary because many goods must remain in short supply until factories are

turned over completely to civilian production, and demobilised men and women are placed in jobs. If we bid against each other for the fewer goods available now, prices *must* go up. For our own sakes it is all-important that we keep prices down.

★ ★ ★

The Government is doing a lot of things to keep prices down . . . rationing the scarcest goods, putting ceiling prices on things, keeping taxes high for the time being to limit our spending power. But the Government can't do the *whole* job. *We must co-operate.* One thing each of us can do is to *decide to save our money now and put our money into MORE Bonds, MORE Savings Certificates, MORE Savings Stamps.* You can buy Certificates and Stamps at any time, and you can invest *NOW* any amount from £10 upwards in the £70,000,000 Security Loan opening on March 12. Interest begins immediately. See your Bank or Stockbroker.

Be a Saver, Not a Spender—Help Keep Prices



**You can invest now in the
£70,000,000 SECURITY LOAN
. Opening March 12**

The £70,000,000 Security Loan opens on March 12. The money raised will be used exclusively in meeting commitments arising directly out of the war, particularly the rehabilitation of Australian service men and women.

If you have £10 or more saved already you can make an advance subscription to the Security Loan at once, and interest will be paid thereon from the day you make your investment through any Bank, Savings Bank or Stockbroker.

Interest is at the rate of 3½% for the new 12-year term, or at 2% for the new 3-year term.

Buy Security Bonds now for cash from your savings—and buy more by instalments out of income when the Loan is officially open.

Security Bonds are available in denominations of £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000.

Amusing stories of Navy life told by Fairbanks

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

Amid the froth of forty new spring hats and the applause of forty pairs of hands a lone U.S. Navy Commander lunched and talked with the members of Hollywood's Women's Press Club.

COMMANDER Douglas Fairbanks had come home to turn producer after four years' Navy service.

Tanned, thinner and resembling his father to a startling degree, Doug related humorous sidelights of Navy service.

Over a fried chicken lunch he described his experiences on commando raids off Salerno, when Italy was occupied by the Germans.

"We once made a commando raid with eight men. We landed with lifebelts and helmets, crawled ashore, and found ourselves facing a high wall with a small gate which refused to open. Jokingly I said, 'Well, men, I guess we must scale the wall.' My companions immediately stepped back and looked at me with anticipation. Evidently they were thinking of my Hollywood roles, where I leaped up unscalable heights with the aid of the propman's rope. I looked at the thirty-foot wall without a single foothold, then pulling myself together, said authoritatively, 'All right men, break down the gate!'"

Doug said the only other time he was recognised was when he was caught in the crossfire of another commando raid, and he sought shelter in a cellar and found himself next to an enormous grimy Italian, who pointed an accusing finger at him, saying, "I know you. You're Douglas Fairbanks. Once I was a theatre exhibitor in Brooklyn. Why does your company, United Artists, charge so much rental for their films? You tell me that."

Doug calmed the angry ex-cinema manager by promising to write dozens of letters of protest to the right authorities.

I asked Doug what was the tightest spot he was ever in, and he answered with an engaging grin, "Coming to this lunch to-day."

He spoke critically about U.S. films, and gave a solemn warning of the effect which bad American films can have on the peoples of Europe, who are likely to believe that gangsters, wisecracking soldiers, and good-hearted goons represent typical Americans.

"It is most important that films

representing the true American way of life must be exhibited abroad. Untold harm can be done by films showing the leading characters as smooth guys out to wangle bargains from unsuspecting and goodhearted dopes," he said.

"Producers must create films showing the finer side of American life, as the foreign peoples' impressions of this country are culled from the films they witness. The greatest pulpit for telling our ideals to the world is through the screen medium. We mustn't abuse this medium."

Doug said he has terrific admiration for the British film industry. "You don't see them sending out films which malign their country," he said.

He feels the United States State Department should O.K. all films for foreign release, keeping gangster and crime stories solely for American consumption, where they are not considered representative of the entire country.

Doug plans to produce his own films, which will portray the best in American life and will be an inspiration for creating a better understanding among the peoples of the world.

Commander Fairbanks has moved into his beach home with his wife and child. The house was rented by Barbara Hutton during the war. Doug was delighted at finding his old pal, Colonel David Niven, living next door.



COMMANDER DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, U.S. Navy, and his wife, who recently visited Washington, where Commander Fairbanks received the U.S. Legion of Merit. He also received British and French decorations during the war.

Film Reviews

★★ INCENDIARY BLONDE

THE life of the late Texas Guinan, Broadway entertainer and nightclub queen, inspired Paramount's musical drama.

Its plot does not cleave to history, but is rich in melodrama, in the amusing angles of show business—and, of course, in song and dance. Betty Hutton—playing Texas with amazing sincerity as well as verve—works her way from a 1909 Wild West show to Broadway musicals, to Hollywood, and finally back to nightclubs.

Actors Arturo de Cordova and Bill Goodwin play the chief romances in the "Incendiary Blonde's" life. The real trouper, however, Barry Fitzgerald, as Texas' father, and Charlie Ruggles as an old-time movie director—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF UNCLE HARRY

ADAPTED from the New York stage hit, Universal's thriller spools the effect of its low suspense by the silliest of endings—tacked on in Hollywood.

The story itself is unusual, and skilfully done. George Sanders, making an interesting break in character, plays a meek, small-town manufacturer. Repressed by his two sisters (Geraldine Fitzgerald and Moyna Magill), Sanders' "Uncle Harry" dares to fall in love with a girl visitor (Ella Raines). Their love story brings violent melodrama and then murder into the prim household.

Producer Joan Harrison (of "Phantom Lady") gets her effects subtly—until that absurd climax—Victory; showing.

★★ GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE

WARNERS have made gay entertainment out of the trials of a city man (Jack Benny) who is dragged into ownership of a ramshackle country mansion by his whimsical wife (Ann Sheridan).

The comedy runs all the way from broad slapstick to domestic humor.

Both Benny and Ann are delightful, but Percy Kilbride's sour-faced caretaker really steals the show.—Tattler; showing.

Film welcome to world diplomats

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

London crowds are flocking to see the world's most distinguished movie audiences. Limousines are converging from the Ritz, Claridges, Dorchester, and the Savoy, and are rolling up to Leicester Square to unload diplomats and their wives from all over the world.

British filmdom is feting men and women of the UNO, from ambassadors to their stenographers, with a parade of the war's best British films.

FOR this they have chosen "Colonel Blimp" "Way to the Stars" "Henry V" "Madonna of the Seven Moons" "The Seventh Veil" "This Happy Breed" "Waterloo Road" "Dead of Night." Every night is like a world premiere.

But Britain's screen idols are conspicuously absent. They have discreetly avoided the publicity spotlight on UNO in the same way that Hollywood edict placed the San Francisco UNCTO out of bounds to its stars. Only film chief Arthur Rank and his wife received guests. These included Mrs. Roosevelt, the Belgian UNO Chairman Spaak, Australia's Norman Makin and Colonel Hodgson, New Zealand's Prime Minister Mr. Fraser, Ernest Bevin, and Soviet Ambassador Gusev.

Most of the "oohs" from the crowd straining against London bobbies' outspread arms were on the arrival of the wives of the South American Ambassadors. Two were outstanding with their well-cut black evening gowns, their superb carriage, and exotic make-up and sophisticated coiffures.

I saw Madame Wellington Koo, wife of China's tiny, wide-smiling delegate, who had achieved a gracious blend of oriental and western styles with her silver fox fur and a slim black evening skirt.

While Britain's film greeting in modern fluorescent-lit "Odeon" is accompanied by a battery of newswall cameras and flashlights, Hollywood's London representation is far more restrained.

At Haymarket's quiet Plaza Theatre delegates wanting the latest films from Hollywood can go as average cinema-goers like you and me. No reception committee greets them.

Films included in the film feast

laid out for them are "Road to Utopia" (Crosby, Hope, and Lamour), "Kitty" (Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland), and "Mildred Pierce" (Joan Crawford).

Except Soviet Ambassador Gusev, who brings his attractive red-headed wife, earnest Russians arrive in stolid Astrakhan-capped squads—without ladies. All speak English and when newswalls, which recorded the UNO Assemblies and arrival of diplomats at a previous cinema show, flashed on the screen, an excited delegate said, "Look—that's me!" The United Nations turned around on him in a body and said "Ssssh!"



LANA TURNER, MGM's glamorous star, spends much of her spare time with her little daughter, Cheryl Christine Crane, who is two and a half years old.

One Year Later

Continued from page 25

IRIS said slowly, "I always thought it odd that George hadn't told Ruth about those letters. He consulted her about everything."

Anthony gave a short laugh. "Of course he told her, first thing. She knew he would. That's why she wrote them. Then she arranged all his plan for him—having first got him well worked up. It was Ruth who telephoned the actress, postponing her engagement. And so she had the stage set—all nicely arranged for Suicide Number Two."

"And to think I liked her—liked her very much! And actually wanted her to marry George."

"She'd probably have made him a very good wife if she hadn't come across Victor," said Anthony. "Moral: every murderess was a nice girl once."

Iris shivered. "All that for money!"

"You innocent, money is what these things are done for! Victor certainly did it for money. Ruth partly for the money, partly for Victor, and partly, I think, because she hated Rosemary. Yes, she'd travelled a long way by time she deliberately tried to run you down in a car, and still further when she left Lucilla in the drawing-room, banged the front door, and then ran up to your bedroom. What did she seem like? Excited at all?"

Iris considered. "I don't think so. She just tapped on the door, came in, and said everything was fixed up, and she hoped I was feeling all right. I said yes. I was just a bit tired. And then she picked up my big rubber-covered torch and said what a nice torch that was, and after that I don't seem to remember anything."

"No, dear," said Anthony. "Because she hit you a nice little crack, not too hard, on the back of the neck with your nice torch. Then she arranged you artistically by the gas-heater, shut the windows tight, turned on the gas, went out, locking the door and passing the key underneath it, pushed the woolly mat close up against the crack, so as to shut out any draught, and tripped gently down the stairs. Kemp and I just got into the bathroom in time."

"I raced on up to you, and Kemp followed Miss Ruth Lesing unbeknownst to where she had left that car parked. You know, I felt at the time there was something fishy and uncharacteristic about the way Ruth tried to force it on our minds that she had come by bus and tube."

Iris gave a shudder. "It's horrible to think anyone was as determined to kill me as all that. Did she hate me, too, by then?"

"Oh, I shouldn't think so. But Miss Ruth Lesing is a very efficient young woman. She'd already been an accessory in two murders, and she didn't fancy having risked her neck for nothing. I've no doubt

Lucilla Drake bleated out your decision to marry me at a moment's notice, and in that case there was no time to lose. Once married, I should be your next of kin and not Lucilla."

"Poor Lucilla. I'm so terribly sorry for her."

"I think we all are. She's a harmless, kindly soul."

"Is he really arrested?"

Anthony looked at Race, who nodded and said, "This morning."

"Anthony, I don't think I like my money very much."

"All right, sweet. We'll do something noble with it, if you like. I've got enough money to live on and to keep a wife in reasonable comfort. We'll give it all away if you like—endow homes for children or provide free tobacco for old men or—how about a campaign for serving better coffee all over England?"

"I shall keep a little," said Iris. "So that if I ever wanted to, I could be grand and walk out and leave you."

Colonel Race smiled and got up. "Going over to the Farradays' for tea," he explained. There was a faint twinkle in his eye as he said to Anthony, "Don't suppose you're coming?"

Anthony shook his head and Race went out of the room. He paused in the doorway to say over his shoulder, "Good show."

"That," said Anthony as the door closed behind him, "denotes supreme British approval."

Iris asked in a calm voice, "He thought I'd done it, didn't he?"

"You mustn't hold that against him," said Anthony. "You are, he's known so many beautiful spies, all stealing secret formulas and wheedling secrets out of generals, that it's soured his nature and warped his judgment. He thinks it's just got to be the beautiful girl in the case."

"Why did you know I hadn't, Tony?"

"Just love, I suppose," said Anthony lightly.

Then his face changed, grew suddenly serious. He touched a little vase by Iris' side in which was a single sprig of grey-green with a mauve flower.

"What's that doing in flower at this time of year?"

"It does sometimes—just an odd sprig—if it's a mild autumn."

Anthony took it out of the glass and fingered it thoughtfully.

He said in a quiet, conversational tone, "She's not round now any longer, is she?"

"Who do you mean?"

"You know who I mean. Rosemary. I think she knew, Iris, that you were in danger."

He touched the sprig of fragrant green with his lips and threw it lightly out of the window. "Good-bye, Rosemary. Thank you."

Iris said softly, "That's for remembrance." And more softly still, "Pray, love, remember."

(Copyright)

• BARBARA BRITTON, lovely young actress from Pasadena, is studying for a college diploma in dramatic art. Her hobby is painting. Her most recent Paramount film is "The Virginian," in which she co-stars with Sonny Tufts and Joel McCrea.



Movie World

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The Kiwi way is the quick, clean way to whiten canvas, kid or buckskin shoes. Just moisten the shoes, squeeze out a dab of Kiwi here and there, and then spread with a moist sponge or soft cloth. Dries quickly, evenly and snow-white. . . . Won't easily rub off . . . a tube will last a season.



★
**MAKES
WHITE SHOES
WHITER**

**KIWI
WHITE**



1 SCIENTIST Dr. Michel Touzac (Charles Korvin) unexpectedly meets his wife Karin (Merle Oberon), from whom he had separated 12 years before in Paris.



2 PARTING of Michel and Karin had followed a violent quarrel, and Michel took their baby to America.

This Love of Ours



4 DETERMINED to win Suzette's affection, Karin manages Michel's home, and soon Suzette begins to soften towards her.

3 WHEN Michel takes Karin home, daughter Suzette (Sue England) is jealous, as she thinks her mother is dead.



5 PHILOSOPHER artist Targel (Claude Rains), Karin's friend, fosters in Suzette a deeper affection for her mother.



6 MICHEL and Karin attain complete happiness when Suzette accepts Karin still without knowing the true relationship.

Dramatic role for Oberon

BASED on a play by Luigi Pirandello, and starring Merle Oberon and newcomer Charles Korvin, Universal's production is a drama with a special appeal for women. Miss Oberon's husband, Lucien Ballard, was cameraman for the film, which is elaborately staged.



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Guest model
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during a recent world tour with her
husband, who is Co-
Director Whitehall
Productions.



• One-piece American gipsy crepe frock with black top and tri-colored gathered skirt. American costume jewellery of ballet dancers in gold and rose diamonds. For rainy days, America provides a cherry satin waterproof hat. Matching snood can button under brim.



• Arden-pink American cloth suit with new collarless jacket. White panama hat trimmed with navy grosgrain and veiling. Navy satchel bag from Paris, lined with pink doeskin, cost equivalent £50. Coarse saddle-back stitching outlines tucks which trim American blue crepe morning frock. Washable plastic white handbag. Fine veiling snood fitted to head by covered whalebone arc, cost Australian equivalent, £2/10/-.

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When blonde hair darkens, all of your outstanding charm and distinctive personality fades. Gone is that lustrous fair loveliness. You become 'one of the crowd.'

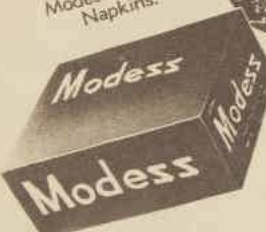
Never let blonde hair darken. You can keep it fair always with Stablond

Shampoo. And if it has darkened, Stablond will bring back that lost golden beauty and you will recapture that extra fascination and allure. For Stablond is made specially for blondes—it succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail. Stablond contains no dyes or injurious bleaches. And is not a luxury but a necessity and an economy for natural blonde hair.

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Pansies and violas for borders



BEAUTY in a box—
—novel way of using
pansies for room decoration.
Flat dish arrangements are best.

● Few flowers provide more color in border-beds than pansies and violas, and now's the time for sowing seed or setting out sturdy seedlings.

—SAYS OUR HOME GARDENER

THEY require rich, fibrous, loamy soil for best results, but can be grown to perfection in almost any kind of ground, provided it is fertile and moisture requirements are attended to.

If the soil is naturally heavy and moisture-retentive, which also means that it may bake hard during hot weather, make it lighter by adding sand or plenty of rotted vegetable matter. Decayed straw, horse manure, leaf mould, and wood ashes will assist to make clayey soils more friable and porous.

Seed should be sown in boxes of medium quality soil and kept in a semi-shady spot until the plants are big enough to transplant.

And when transplanting them remember that they spread out and like plenty of room. Ten to twelve inches apart is not too much where the soil is fertile.

For an edging effect in front of ranunculi both pansies and violas are ideal, for they flower at the same time in spring, or earlier if winter-flowering types are selected.

If you have any of last season's plants which are past their best,

split them up and set out the rooted pieces. Pansies flop quite a lot during the growing season and often root wherever they touch the ground. These rooted pieces will soon strike if set out in rich, moist soil. Violas are slightly different in formation. Being tufty and shrubby to habit they root freely from the centre and may be easily divided.

Slugs are particularly fond of the foliage of pansies and violas, but can be kept at bay by lifting the foliage occasionally and dusting with superphosphate. This fertiliser also adds vigor and size to the plants when absorbed by the soil.

Many of the old favorite varieties of pansies cannot be obtained today, but a list of them follows from which you can make a selection: Mastodon, Masterpiece, Bath's Empress, Rogell Giants, French Stained Trimardieu Giants, Special Exhibition strains, and many winter-flowering sorts. Violas are usually sold mixed, but many beautiful varieties in yellow, blue, mauve, purple, and white are obtainable in single colors.



TEMPERATURE was 103 degrees in the shade when this picture of Wendy was taken. She looks cool and no wonder... Wendy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Dryburgh Street, North Melbourne, Victoria.

Encourage natural impulses

By Sister MARY JACOB,
our Mothercraft Nurse

IT is natural for a child to try to draw pictures, to act, to dance, and to write stories and verse.

Most children will also take a delight in construction when they have suitable materials for this purpose.

You should therefore nurture these very important childish impulses by recognizing them and by discovering how they can best be encouraged and developed.

A leaflet giving some suggestions as to how you can help in this part of your children's education can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

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Be Oven Clever

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

● Know your oven . . . organise it, learn its versatility, find out its funny little tricks and how to cope with them, give it a chance to show how much it can do.

BAKING failures are practically eliminated by the modern range. It is well insulated, automatically regulated, easy to manage once simple oven principles are grasped. Whether models are recent or ancient and seemingly temperamental, stick to the maxim, **Cook by the clock, cook by time and temperature.**

Set an alarm clock to ring when the cake is cooked or the roast is ready.

If the stove has a thermostat be familiar with the simple procedure to be followed — the temperature setting, pre-heating, and time factor for cooking.

If no thermostat, use a thermometer, if one is available, to check oven heat when food is placed in oven. A little experience with the thermometer will enable you to regulate oven heats accurately.

If no thermometer, until experience has taught you to gauge heat easily, use such simple tests as the one of browning tissue or kitchen paper or flour on a tray:—

Slow oven . . . a delicate brown in 5 minutes.

Moderate oven . . . golden brown in 5 minutes.

Hot oven . . . deep, dark brown in 5 minutes.

Very hot oven . . . deep, dark brown in 3 minutes.

Start at this temperature and reduce incoming heat to finish baking.

Oven positions vary with oven types and the number of dishes placed in the oven. The following, however, is a good general outline:—

Upper half: Scones, small cakes and cookies, pastries, inexpensive slab cakes.

Middle: Butter cakes, sponge cakes.

Lower: Casseroles, roasts, rich fruit cakes, custards.

Knowing the answers to the following basic and elementary questions is a sure way of getting the best from the oven.

What is an oven indicator? This is a thermometer either built into the oven door or used on the shelves to measure heat. It in no way regulates oven heat, but is a guide to oven temperature.

What is an oven regulator? This is a thermostat attached to the side of the oven. It automatically regulates the heat of the oven. When lighting the oven the oven heat is turned on full, the thermostat or regulator is set at the required cooking temperature, and the oven preheated in the usual way. When the required temperature is reached the heat is automatically reduced. This temperature is then maintained indefinitely without any oven-tap or switch manipulation.

Cooking by time and temperature simplifies the task and makes baking failures very rare.

How long should an oven be preheated? This depends on the type of oven. Modern ranges preheat more quickly than old types. General rule is 10 to 15 minutes for very hot oven, 5 to 10 minutes for a moderate oven, 3 to 5 minutes for a slow oven. Reduce incoming heat when required cooking temperature is reached.

What is a cold start? For most cooking preheating of the oven is necessary. It is not necessary for low-temperature cookery such as roasting, baking rich fruit cakes, cooking custards and casseroles. They may be placed in a cold oven. Much testing on this method of cooking has been done recently in experimental kitchens. With automatically regulated ovens it has proved successful with almost all types of cookery. It is quite satisfactory with modern slow-acting baking powders.

What is cooking by stored heat? The modern oven sides are well packed with insulating material, and when the oven is thoroughly heated it retains the heat for some time. When the oven has been used for baking, the heat may be turned off and the heat stored in the oven will be sufficient to complete the cooking of a partly cooked casserole of meat or fruit, a custard or meringue.

The electric oven, being completely sealed when the door is closed, retains its heat longer than any other type of oven, and after pre-heating much cooking can be done with both switches turned off.

How far apart should oven shelves be? Sufficient to allow free circulation of heat round the dishes, usually 5 to 6 inches.

Does it matter if oven dishes touch

COMPLETE OVEN MENUS

ALL dishes are placed in the oven (preheated at 500deg. F.) at the same time, and finish cooking at the same time. Place foods requiring greater heat in top half of oven. No opening of the oven door is necessary. Fruit juice cocktails or appetiser salads may preface the menu. Green salads may be served with or after the meat.

(1)
Crumbed Pork Sausages
Apple Sauce
Scalloped Potatoes, Baked
Tomatoes
Lemon Custard Pudding
with Fig Preserve
Moderately hot oven (375-400deg. F.) for 45 minutes.

(2)
Carrot and Celery Broth
Seasoned Shoulder of Lamb
Baked Potatoes, Pumpkin, and Onion
Casserole of Clove-stuck Pears (Spiced with Red Wine)
Coffee Crumb Custard
Slow oven (325deg. F.) for 2 hours.

(3)
Ragout of Rabbit and Bacon in Tomato Juice
Jacket Potatoes (Baked), Cheesed
Marrow Slices
Blackberry Charlotte
Almond-flavored Custard
Moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 1½ hours.

(4)
Potato Cream Soup
Casserole of Steak and Mushrooms
Stuffed Tomatoes
(Serve also tossed Green Salad)
Rhubarb Layer Loaf
Orange Marmalade Custard
Moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 1½ hours.

sides and back of oven? Yes. This impedes circulation of heat, and may result in bottom-burning. Two dishes on the one shelf should also be an inch or two apart.

How much smaller than oven sides should oven trays be? About 3 inches smaller all round.

Can a meat baking-dish be used as a tray for baking scones, biscuits or buns? No. A flat tray, with sides no higher than half-inch,

is necessary for good browning of these recipes.

Can the floor of the oven be used for baking? Yes, except in certain types of electric stoves where the heating element is under the floor of the oven. Use for foods that require slow cooking, such as custards, casseroles of fruit, stuffed tomatoes, oven-poached fish.

Is a covered baking-dish recommended? It has its advantage in

that when meat is baked in a covered dish the fat does not spatter the oven. The meat also retains more moisture. This method, however, does not develop flavor as much as the open roasting, as the meat partly steams in its own moisture. If the low-temperature baking method is used with the meat in an open pan, flavor is developed, moisture retained, and the fat does not spatter oven sides.

In what position should the oven browning sheet be? A modern, well-packed and insulated oven does not require a browning sheet. Sufficient heat reflection for browning is received from the top of the oven. The browning sheet may be discarded. In an old-type oven the browning sheet is usually kept in the one position—at the top of the oven. The hottest position in the oven is then directly below the browning sheet.

Can a cake be cooked in the same oven as a roast? Yes, with the exception of a sponge cake or roll. Place it above the roast.

Can pastry be cooked in the same oven as a roast? Yes, with the exception of chou pastry (cream puffs and eclairs) and puff pastry.

Does opening the oven door spoil cooking results? The oven door should be opened as seldom as possible. Do not cook by guesswork, cook by time and temperature. Peeping wastes fuel and may spoil the texture of cakes and pastries. This does not mean that foods that

THIS BATCH OF COOKING is being done in a moderate oven (375deg. F.). The raspberry buns took 20 minutes, the loaf cake and casserole in the centre 1½ hours, the custard and savory tomatoes 1 hour. Preheat an oven being used for several dishes at the one time at least 50deg. F. higher than the cooking temperature.

take varying times cannot be cooked in the oven in the one batch of baking. However, when taking the finished dish from the oven, leaving others in, be quick and do not bang the door, causing a cold draught.

If gas is smelt in the kitchen, what should be done? Immediately turn off top jets before opening oven door. Then check all taps, including oven, turning off securely. Open doors and windows and if the smell is not dissipated telephone your gas company.

What is the best way to preserve the life of the electric element? Avoid overheating. Be careful not to allow water or food to seep through to the element.

How can fuel bills be kept at a minimum? Know your oven and make the fullest use of it every time it is heated. Do not heat more water than is required. Keep lids on pans. Do not allow gas flames to rise round sides of pan. Use flat-bottomed saucepans that fit electric hot plates. Do not preheat oven too long and time oven cookery carefully.



BABY CRAFT

WELCOME ADVICE TO BUSY MOTHERS

No one in the world is more busy than the mother of a tiny baby, but she doesn't mind so long as her little one is healthy and happy.

Health and happiness are the natural outcome of regularity. If the little system is kept functioning correctly from the beginning, so much anxiety can be avoided. So why not get Steedman's Powders right away?

Known to three generations, Steedman's are universally recognised as the safest and gentlest aperient from teething time to fourteen years. Promoting healthy regularity without harmful purging, they are obtainable everywhere. Look for the double EE on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's.

They are made solely by JOHN STEEDMAN & CO., DEPT. J., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

Kidney Trouble and Backache Gone in 1 Week

From Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—improves faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Blisters, Cystitis, Stomach Ache, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles or interrupted sleep, go to your chemist today for Cystex.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

- 1) The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, gently and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in three ways to end your troubles—
- 2) It starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder, and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
- 3) It gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisons, which with which your system has become saturated.
- 4) It strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter-organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for kidney and bladder trouble, and it has made a difference to me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about, and walk miles although I am 43 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."—(Sgd.) M. L. Dossin, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

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"I had kidney and bladder complaint, pains in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains whatever. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for kidney complaint."—(Sgd.) J. J. Schermer, Manly, N.S.W.

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This is a **GUARANTEED** Treatment for

Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

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Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles—while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kinthe—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kinthe, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Your Dog's

If your dog's coat is dull or loose—

if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powder.

Searching for often a sign of BARKO Condition Powder and apply BARKO 1/4 lb.

Condition Powder and apply BARKO 1/4 lb.

ALL CHEMISTS Union to effect parts.

EASY ON SUGAR RATION



MAN'S BREAKFAST . . . the first meal of the day is not the most social . . . set breakfast tray and newspaper in a quiet spot for the man of the house.

- Sugar-conscious recipes are the order of the day. These win cash prizes for homemaking readers.

IN cold sweets, jelly crystals are the favorite ingredient as they sweeten as well as jelling the dish.

Such delicious variety is also possible with jelled sweets. Whipping the partly-set jelly will result in a creamy concoction. Stiffly beaten egg-whites whisked into the jelly give extra airiness and nutritive value.

Unsweetened griddle cakes and pancakes are delicious with honey, marmalade, or hot jam.

Each week cash prizes are awarded for interesting recipes from readers. Have you sent one in lately?

BANANA CARAMEL PUDDING

One tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 or 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 3 bananas, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 tablespoon shortening (margarine or dripping), 1 tablespoon white sugar or 2 tablespoons honey, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch of salt.

Cream butter and brown sugar and spread on bottom of sandwich tin. Slice bananas, moisten with lemon juice and place on top. Cream shortening and white sugar or honey and lemon rind. Beat in egg and then stir in milk alternately with sifted flour and salt. Place over bananas and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F) 25 to 30 minutes. Turn into dish with banana caramel uppermost.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. M. Hunt, James St., New Farm, Brisbane.

APRICOT AND HONEY LOAF

Two oz. shortening (butter, margarine, or good clarified fat, with squeeze of lemon juice), 1 oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 cups self-raising flour, about 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons apricot jam.

Cream shortening and sugar and beat in egg. Add honey and then stir in sifted flour alternately with the milk, mixing to a soft drop consistency. Place half mixture in greased loaf tin (approx. 8 by 5 by 4 inches).

Cover with layer of apricot jam and then remainder of loaf mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F) for 45 minutes. Interesting flavor, sliced and spread with peanut butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Melrose, 29 Vaux St., Cowra, N.S.W.

STEAMED APPLE AND RAISIN PUDDING

Two cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon good dripping, 1 cup honey, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 cup raisins or sultanas, 1 cup finely chopped apple, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda mixed with 2 teaspoons milk.

Sift flour and salt. Melt dripping



NO! NO! Take time for luncheon—a sandwich and a cup of black coffee every day, such as Vivian Blaine (20th Century-Fox) is having, is not so good for health.

and mix well with honey, milk, and beaten egg. Stir this into the flour mixture and then add raisins, apple, and soda. Steam in a covered basin 2 to 2½ hours. Delicious topped with marmalade.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. R. Ingham, Mt. Esk, Cargo Rd., via Orange, N.S.W.

Bee stings . . .

By MEDICO

"SORRY to trouble you, Doctor, but a beehas just bitten me on the face," said bright young Elizabeth Robinson from the home next door. She had been picking flowers in her garden, had hit at a bee, and it had stung her.

"Can you do anything for me?" she asked.

"I certainly can," I assured her, and while I was sterilising a hypodermic syringe I looked at the bite through a magnifying glass.

"The bee's sting is still there, and if I can pull it out without bursting the sac it will save you much pain and swelling," I said. With a pair of fine forceps I gently lifted out the "sting."

"Is that the best thing to do?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "but most people make the mistake of trying to pull it out with their fingers. That only squeezes out the poison into the wound. The best instrument to use is a pair of forceps, as I have done, but the next best is the blade of a penknife used to lever it out."

By this time my syringe had been sterilised and I injected a small quantity of local anaesthetic into the skin at the side of the bite. This gave Elizabeth immediate and lasting relief. By the time the anaesthetic wore off the sting would have worn off, too.

"What should I have done to relieve the pain if a doctor hadn't been handy?" she asked.

"After taking out the sting, dab the bite with a wet 'blue bag' or some moistened baking soda," I told her. "This helps, but doesn't relieve all the pain," I added.



Mrs. Curtis
of
West
Pennant Hills
says

"There's nothing I like more than tasty Vegemite"

"Yes, I look forward to my Vegemite on wholemeal bread—it's not only delicious, but I know it is doing me a lot of good at the same time," says Mrs. Curtis. "I add Vegemite to boiling water and that makes a very appetising drink too."

Vegemite is a food ESSENTIAL for invalids. So, if you sometimes find Vegemite hard to buy, then remember that Infant Welfare Centres, Invalids and Convalescents, and Military Hospitals need it so much. Vegemite is the best product of its kind in all Australia.



- * Richer in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin).
- * Richer in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin).
- * Richer in the anti-peptic factor (Mucin).
- * Tastier and costs less.

VEGEMITE

— a little does a power of good. KRV3

INTRODUCTION TO FINER EATING



I'm visualizing you on the dining-room table with your attendant green peas, mashed potatoes, and maybe a head of snowy cauliflower. I'll be there too, of course, to properly stimulate the appetite, for that is the particular function of

KEEN'S Mustard

MS. 45

SHE'S A BOMBSHELL FROM BONDI!

AW - I WAS ONLY TRYING TO KISS THE GIRL!

SHE CERTAINLY DOESN'T LIKE YOUR APPROACH, JOE!

SHE MAY HAVE HER REASONS, JOE! BETTER CHECK UP WITH YOUR DENTIST AND SEE IF HE CAN EVEN UP THE SCORE!

I CAN'T SEE WHY SHE HAD TO FLY OFF THE HANDLE LIKE THAT!

JOE SEES HIS DENTIST

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM... FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

COLGATE'S DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH, TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOUR!

"HERE'S WHY: COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS AN ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM THAT GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH - HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES - STOP STAGNANT SILIVA ODOURS - REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH, AND COLGATE'S SOFT POLISHING AGENT CLEANS ENAMEL THOROUGHLY, GENTLY, SAFELY!"

LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'VE SCORED, JOE!

EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL, THANKS, BILL - INCLUDING THE BOMBSHELL HERSELF!

LATER - THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

PLAY SAFE!
Twice a day ... and before every date ...
USE **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**

It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth

Large Size **1/3**
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